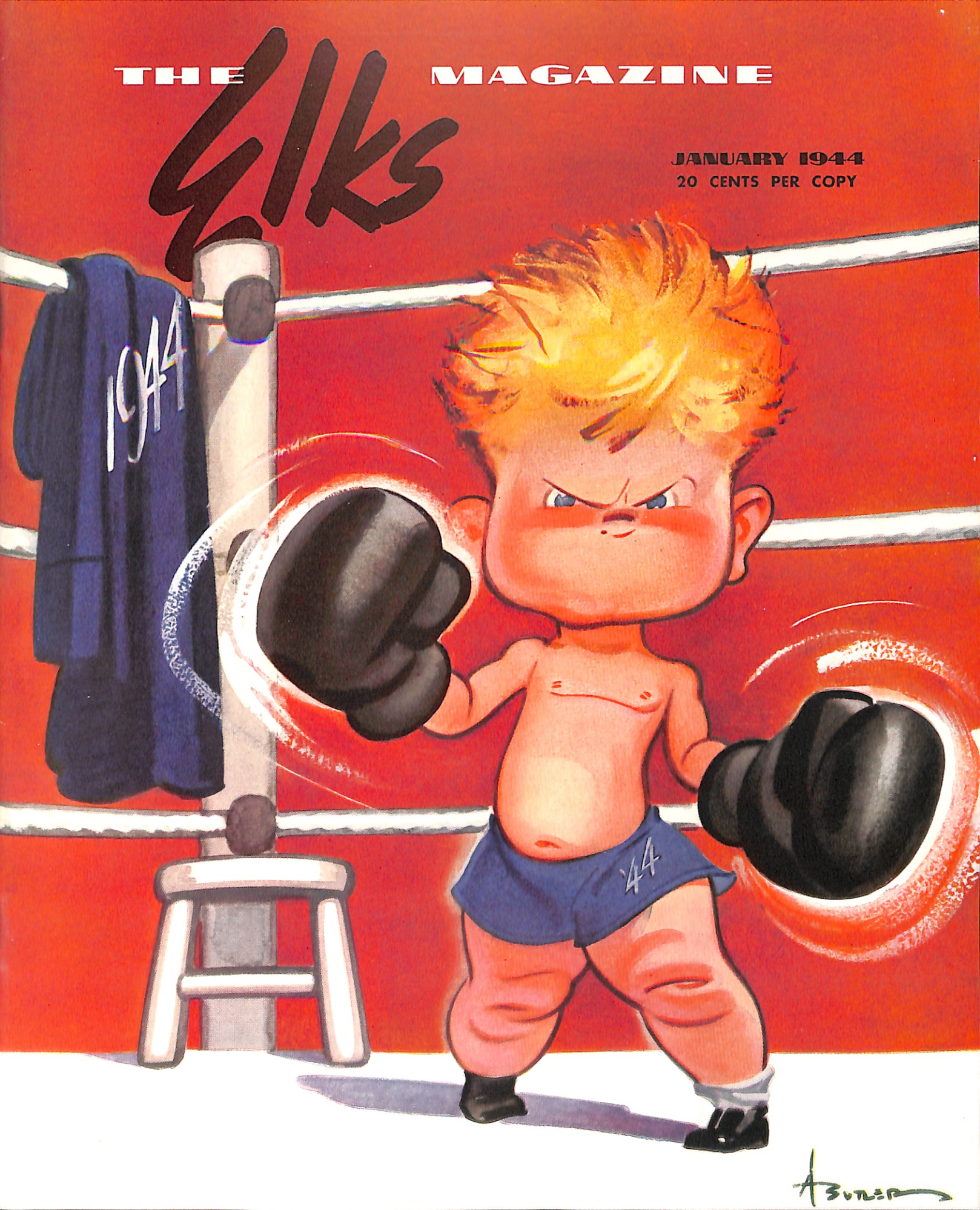
THE Elks MAGAZINE

JANUARY 1944
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A MESSAGE *from the* GRAND EXALTED RULER

TO ALL ELKS—GREETINGS:

Our Country is now facing the most critical period of the war and this situation requires more than ever the united cooperation and all-out efforts of all our citizens. It is highly important that production goes forward without interruption and that all our people on the home front exercise the same high vigilance and energy and power that are so courageously, faithfully and loyally given by our boys on the war front.

This is no time for complacency or overconfidence on our part. Such an attitude now would be most dangerous. It would be a fatal mistake and give to our enemies their most effective weapon. All our resources and manpower must now as never before be directed to the cause of America during this grave and serious time of global warfare to the end that victory may soon come for our beloved Country and that we may keep America always American.

One of the great traditions of American life has been our steadfast belief in the purity and sanctity of the home and family, and our great faith in the honor and valor and glory of our American youth.

The heroic youth of our Country has achieved the victory in every war in which America has ever engaged. Our future is in their hands now in this time of greatest national trial.

As loyal Americans and Elks our most sacred trust is to uphold, maintain and defend the honor and dignity of the home and family. To be faithful to this trust we cannot close our eyes to the alarming increase in juvenile delinquency which is spreading like a plague throughout our land in defiance of the love of God and the laws of man.

We must recognize this grave condition and root out its malignant growth and influence before it ends in horror and debasement for the little ones whom we must love and protect.

This is a great moral responsibility that is common to all without regard to religious, political, fraternal or economic affiliations.

The conscience of the people must be aroused and public opinion exerted in order that the well-established principles of morality, obedience and decency shall not now, or ever, be scrapped, and that the children of our Nation shall learn, by precept, by example and by the voice of authority, the right path to choose.

We have always been proud of the glorious nobility of our American youth. Let us be sure and certain to maintain and preserve this nobility always as the sweetest flower in the garden of life. Careless and neglectful parents must be aroused to their moral responsibility toward their children, and must be made to realize that their greatest obligation is to exercise proper control over their little ones, not only as a parental right but also as a parental duty.

The churches of our Country must accept their full share of responsibility toward the youth of our land, and all social, civic and fraternal groups and organizations that profess loyalty to our Country and a decent respect for morality must awaken now to the necessity of prompt action. It is essential that children be provided wholesome environments and afforded the necessary training and education to develop the moral standard of living that will produce upright and worthy citizens.

The Elks everywhere should participate in a program of arousing the national interest in this most essential aspect of American life. This grave responsibility we cannot and must not shirk. Religion and morality must be preserved in our Nation.

We bid a hearty welcome to the dawning of a new year. Let us hope and pray that 1944 will soon bring to us all a glorious victory for the cause of America and that our Country and the world may enjoy the blessings of a just and lasting peace.

Cordially and fraternally,

Frank J. Lonergan

GRAND EXALTED RULER



THE Elks MAGAZINE

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

"TO INCULCATE THE PRINCIPLES OF CHARITY, JUSTICE, BROTHERLY LOVE AND FIDELITY; TO PROMOTE THE WELFARE AND ENHANCE THE HAPPINESS OF ITS MEMBERS; TO QUICKEN THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM; TO CULTIVATE GOOD FELLOWSHIP. . . ."
—FROM PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION, BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS

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JANUARY 1944

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IN THIS ISSUE We Present—

THAT there is nothing new about the New Order you will find on reading Joseph Wechsberg's "Plan for Plunder" on page 4. Japan, thirty years ago when that creature was nothing but a paperhanger, had instituted a blueprint for oppression which she followed with malicious precision when destroying the life, freedom and culture of Korea. Germany had observers on the spot and what she learned is what we are now fighting. Needless to say, this is a timely article, and one which explains many of the mad methods of the oppressor nations. You don't want to miss it.

FREDERICK NEBEL, who wrote "Welcome Home Soldier", has always worked and saved and then spent his savings on travel. It seems to us an attractive, intelligent procedure. He started at fifteen, and that was quite a few years ago, so you can take our word for the fact that he has been everywhere. He likes creature comforts, which is understandable, and can't pass a shooting gallery, a vice shared by millions. Neither can he spell staccato offhand. Can you? He is a lover of the ridiculous and bad puns and will probably title his autobiography "Nebelous but Nice".

THE prize for the most ingenious solution to a story-plot goes to Will F. Jenkins for "Fish in Troubled Waters". Mr. Jenkins has been ingenious on a number of previous occasions but this story is the most fascinating of them all. You will enjoy every moment of it and we are willing to bet that you would never have thought of the means by which two stranded American fliers finally outwit the Japs.

YOU will notice a number of changes in the make-up of your Magazine this month. They have been necessitated by the shortage of paper. Without shortening the length of the Editorials we have limited them to a single page and placed it on page 52. You will now find Ed Faust's "In the Doghouse", Harry Hansen's "What America Is Reading" and Ray Trullinger's "Rod and Gun" columns in the back portion of the Magazine. You will also notice the new headings for the news items in the "Under the Antlers" section. These changes have been made so that we may continue to give you each month the features in which you have indicated so much interest.

GRAND Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan has a fine message on page 1 which we know you will want to read.—F. R. A.

Today, as for the past hundred years, men enjoy the mellow goodness of this famous whiskey.



THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

OLD CROW

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

There is in Old Crow a matchless quality and taste which only rigid adherence to time-honored methods and standards can preserve



The Old Crow whiskey you buy today was distilled and laid away to age years before the war. Today the Old Crow Distillery is producing only alcohol for war purposes. So be patient if you can't have *all* you want of Old Crow *when* you want it. We are doing our utmost to distribute our reserve stocks so as to assure you a continuous supply for the duration.

BOTTLED·IN·BOND

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y. • 100 Proof

Plan for Plunder



Thirty years ago Jap officials in Korea were well enforcing their New Order —a complete blueprint of oppression which the Germans followed.

By Joseph Wechsberg

THEY were burning the books—books of religion and science and poetry. Men in dark uniforms were forming a circle around the blazing heap, their swords reflecting the reddish, weird glow of the fire. Far behind them, in the darkness of the large square, a grim, silent, anonymous crowd was staring at the fanatic Japanese soldiers. Suddenly, an old man broke away from the crowd, ran toward the soldiers, shouting, clenching his fists. A sword was drawn—and the shouting ceased, abruptly. All the people could hear now was the crackling sound of the fire. The place: the Nandaimon Gate at Seoul, capital of Korea. The time: November, 1912. . . .

Three bandy-legged Jap policemen stepped into the small, neat Korean farmhouse. They wanted to have the "hidden revolutionary weapons". The farmer's wife wrung her hands. She didn't hide any weapons. The Japs beat her into insensibility. They grinned and turned the place upside down. They hadn't been looking for weapons. They took the pots and furniture, the money and every bit of food they could find and put all on their carriage outside. Then they went out into the field and arrested the farmer. The place: the town of Kokan, Korea. The time: September, 1917. . . .

The editor of the Korean newspaper was jubilant. Kitei Son, a Korean boy had just won the Marathon at the Berlin Olympic Games, establishing a new world's record. True, Kitei Son had been passed off for a Jap and they had forced him to run under the Jap colors. The editor knew better. Ignoring the Domei message which spoke of a great "Japanese" triumph, the editor wrote a proud article about Kitei Son, the *Korean* athlete. He put the boy's photograph on the front page, omitting the Rising Sun emblem on his shirt. Three hours later the editor was sent to a concentration camp and the paper—Korea's last native-language paper—was suppressed. The place: the harbor of Fusan, Korea. The time: August, 1936. . . .

Three illustrations, taken at random, confirmed by American witnesses. There were hundreds, thousands of similar cases. A quarter of a century before the Nazis "introduced" book burnings, concentration camps, house-to-house looting, the suppression of free newspapers, the Japs in Korea were already masters in the methods of totalitarian persecution.

Twenty years before the Nuremberg race laws, the Japs declared the Koreans an "inferior" race, abolished all civil rights, created a dual legal system—one for Koreans, the other for Japanese, the "master race". In 1911, a hopelessly untalented Austrian paperhanger was living in a poor men's hostel in a Viennese suburb, shoveling snow, begging of passers-by, peddling cheap, water-color pictures; at the same time, Jap officials in Korea were well enforcing their New Order—a complete blueprint of oppression.

Freedom of speech, worship, assemblage was abolished. All religions except Shintoism were restricted. American missionaries were given to understand they had better leave. Koreans were forbidden to speak their language in their own homes; to teach Korean in the schools; to wear their white clothes which they were wearing as a mark of mourning. All native festivals were suppressed, all reminders of Korean culture eradicated. Singing the *Song of Ariran,* the Korean national anthem, became a crime. High-school kids who had founded a harmless fraternity were beaten to death by the Jap police.

(Continued on page 34)

Mr. Kim refused to sign the farcical "bill of sale".

Illustrations by MARTHA SAWYER





They stayed at one of the best hotels, went to the races, to all the nightclubs.

TOM GIFFORD phoned the telegram at eight in the morning, almost taking Ma off her feet. She sat down for a minute on a crate of grapefruit, because it happened to be handy, and an immense lump of breath seemed to stick in her breast. She was much too excited to be really happy. And when the immense lump of breath let go, hurting her a little, she began to shake. Suddenly, what she wanted more than anything else was to tell somebody.

She batted open the swing door between the store and the pantry. Her long white storekeeper's apron swished as she pounded through the pantry into the kitchen. She was halfway up the narrow, enclosed staircase before she stopped, wavering. She listened intently, hopefully, but there was no sound from above. Elsie was still asleep. Elsie and Red had been out late the night before and Elsie was always cross, especially the past month, if you woke her up out of a sound sleep. Reluctantly, grumbling to herself, Ma retreated down the stairs. She didn't want to have any crossness today, not even a little bit, if she could help it.

But once in the kitchen she gathered speed, her elbows hiking, an exultant bright fever in her eyes and a fearful agitation in her fingers. She barged headlong through the store, grazing several decorative displays of canned goods, and reached the sidewalk in time to see Otis Warms hurrying past on the opposite side of the street.

"Hey, Otis!" she shouted.

"Morning, Mrs. Butler."

"Hey, Otis, my son Harry's coming home on furlough!"

"No sign of rain yet," Otis Warms observed, and continued tranquilly on his way.

"I said—" Ma broke off with an exasperated twitch of her big shoulders. The fact that in her excitement she had forgotten that Otis

WELCOME HOME Soldier

It took a family civil war to bring about a better-late-than-never welcome for Harry.

By Frederick Nebel

Warms was hard of hearing rattled her and she stood blushing and working her fingers in her palms. Then she thought of Maud Hauser and rushed inside to the telephone.

"Maud—Annie. Maud, what do you think?"

"Hello, Annie. Say, what's this I hear about Harry coming home?"

Ma reared back and glared. "Where'd you hear that?"

"Why, I just talked to Tom Gifford on the phone and he said he phoned you a night letter."

"Oh," Ma said, her voice dropping. But almost instantly it rose, indignant. "What's Tom Gifford doing going around telling everybody people's business?"

"Annie."

"What?" Ma said, disgruntled and distracted.

"What train's he coming in on?"

"No train. It says bus, so I guess he means bus to Titus Corner and then a hitch up. This afternoon sometime."

When she had hung up she looked as if she were going to cry. It was partly because she was so excited, so thrilled, and partly because she had been thwarted in her wish to surprise Maud Hauser. But Ma was not a crying woman. Whenever she felt herself filling up she set her jaw and began bustling about. Now she put on her hat, got a hatchet and went to work on the crate of grapefruit. And gradually, as she proceeded from one chore to another, things settled down again, became quiet, orderly, as they did after a violent thunderstorm; and then the singing in her, the way a brook sings unseen in the deep woods, was cool and sweet and refreshing. She began to hum spiritedly.

But in a little while the humming took on a different tone, less buoyant, more preoccupied. Finally it stopped altogether and Ma grunted and rubbed the side of her jaw with her thumbnail and shook her head several times in vigorous negation. She realized that Harry's homecoming wasn't going to be all milk and honey.

Coming downstairs at a little past nine, Elsie groaned loudly. Her full-lipped mouth was sulky and her eyes were barely open. Her pink mules scuffed and clopped on the floor. A hank of hair flopped over one temple. She moved bent over, her shoulders hunched, as though it might be painful to straighten up.

Ma heard her and came in from the store. Ma's hat was a man's white cloth sports hat with a green vizor stitched in the front of the brim, and there was a yellow pencil stuck up beneath the sweatband. She had regained her composure and was, now, her large, ample, matter-of-fact self.

"Morning, Elsie. Harry's coming up. Soon as you finish breakfast, air his room and clean up a bit, will you? And don't forget to put on sheets."

Elsie squinted through puffed lids. "Harry? When?"

"Today. Sometime this afternoon. You better turn the mattress first. Stewed apricots in the icebox."

"Ugh! Apricots!" Elsie held her head in her hands. "Oh, boy, do I feel lousy. We didn't get in till one-thirty. Boy, I bet Red felt lousy when he crawled out this morning. I didn't even hear the alarm go off. What'd Harry do, phone?"

"Telegram. And don't forget to put the towels in the bathroom. That new blue set. And I think the light bulb over the dresser's burned out. You better make sure. And you know he likes two pillows."

Elsie said fretfully, "All right, Ma, all right. Give me time to wake up, will you? Why the devil don't he give us a couple of days' notice?"

Ma opened her mouth, then closed it. When she opened it again it was to say reasonably, and firmly, "I guess he's got to come when he can." She paused. "And something else, Elsie."

"How about some coffee? Is there some coffee?"

"About this what you and Red let go about the other day," Ma said, pouring a cup of coffee.

"What do you mean about what?"

Ma swung the coffee pot deftly back to the stove. "You know well enough what I mean. Don't pretend. I just don't think you ought to bring it up in front of Harry."

"Well, I certainly see no sense in you getting sore, Ma."

"Who's getting sore?" Ma untied her apron strings, then retied them, tighter. "He's not going to like what's happened, as it is. You know Harry."

Elsie looked hurt and sullen. "Harry, Harry," she muttered. "Red had the chance, why shouldn't he take it? And anyhow, why did Harry have to go and be a darned fool? Who asked him to join up?"

Ma bristled. "I'm sure I didn't!" she declared warmly. She went over and stared out the window. "Why a boy like Harry, always a quiet one, never getting in fights or shooting his mouth off about how we can lick the world—why a boy like him, that was always saving his pennies and planning way ahead—" She shook her head. "I don't know, I don't know."

"He ought to have his head examined," Elsie said.

Ma turned, lifting her shoulders, her eyebrows. "Anyhow, do like I ask you. You and Red do what you want to do when you make up your minds. But don't say anything in front of Harry." She strode to the pantry door, stopped short, said, "I mean it, Elsie," and went on into the store.

WHEN she saw him swing down off an oil truck, hefting his bag, lifting his hand toward the driver, Ma did not immediately charge toward the door. She wanted to watch him for a minute in secret, privately, intimately, the way she thought of him sometimes when she sat on the back porch, alone, in the cool of the eve-

FISH *in* TROUBLED WATERS



Two Yankees use their native ingenuity to get themselves out of what appears to be a hopeless jam.

By Will F. Jenkins

THEY had been listed as missing from the carrier for five days. Today, their rubber raft punctured on a coral spike, and the two of them got to shore by luck and very nearly their last atoms of strengh. When they staggered up the beach together the bigger man had lost half a shoe and his garments were in ribbons, and the smaller man was bleeding profusely from a coral cut on his leg. He tore a strip from his shirt and bandaged it without comment. The two of them regarded their surroundings.

The beach was of fine white coral sand. Shells dotted it. There were a few seabirds—not many. The sound of surf filled their ears. A steady tradewind blew and blew and blew, and little sand-particles made a curious whispering noise as they skimmed over their fellows. That was all. The only outstanding feature of the island was a solitary sand dune which rose perhaps twenty feet above the water. The bigger man said in a croaking, parched voice, "Looks pretty dry. Maybe we'd better chalk this up as another win for the Japs. But let's go see."

They moved effortfully toward the central sand dune. Their eyes roved hungrily. A bit of driftwood flung up by a storm of many years ago. It was half-buried in sand. A tiny, conical shell which moved. It was a hermit-crab in borrowed armor, going busily about his own affairs. There was no sign of human beings. They trudged on painfully. They reached the central dune. From its top they could see every square inch of the island. It was not encouraging.

It was perhaps a mile and a half long by half a mile wide. Nine-tenths of it was featureless white coral sand. Reefs all about made fringes of even whiter surf. There was a single, straggling clump of brushwood which covered perhaps two acres, and there were scattered, infinitesimal patches of ice-weed here and there. And toward the northeastern end of the island there was a discolored area where seabirds seemed to nest in season. But there were not many birds about the island now. There was an infinitely blue and empty sky overhead, and an infinitude of blue sea reaching out for the horizon on every side.

The smaller man's eyes were plaintive, but he forced a grin. His voice had the same parched, croaking quality as that of his companion. He ignored the one thing uppermost in both their minds.

"It looks like we eat fish. And I don't like fish!"

The other man continued to stare about him.

"No break in the reefs," he croaked. "No boat could land. To leeward, there, the sea's calm enough, though. A man could land a plane on the water there and take off again. But he'd have to be good!"

He, also, elaborately did not mention water. The smaller man ran a furry tongue over parched lips.

"Our island home," he said with painful levity. "Let's explore."

They went down from the sand dune. Without words, they headed first for the patch of foliage. Each of them had visions of a source of moisture for that growth. Each of them knew the thought was baseless. It was. The brush was dry and crackling, and its leaves seemed dusty and sear. There was only powdery sand about its stalks. It rustled in the steady tradewind. The two men glanced at it. Nothing there. They reached the island's farther beach. Nothing there either. Smooth and hard-packed coral sand. Surf which rolled upon it. Balls of sea-foam rolled crazily up the sloping beach and died when they touched dry sand.

The two men looked at empty sea and sky. There was nothing to say. They walked unsteadily along the beach, wordlessly estimating their situation. They must get water somehow. They had swum ashore, which was refreshing, but was not enough. They must get water. After that, they could eat fish. Now and again, doubtless, they would be able to secure a sea-bird. They would bake in the sun by day. They would have no shelter from storms. There was nothing on the island to build a shelter with. If they found water, they would live through days and weeks and months of privation with absolutely no other hope than that of surviving other days and weeks and months of the same.

"It doesn't look so good," croaked the tall man, at last.

The little man grimaced.

"We'll make out," he insisted stoutly. "Only, I hate to eat fish!"

Nevertheless, his lips worked hun-

grily. They went on toward the northeastern end of the island. There was no need to exchange views. They'd had plenty of time for that. They'd been shot down at sea five days before. They'd been stretching their flight-orders to the utmost at the time, and six Jap fighters had come out of nowhere. When the fight was over and the four remaining Japs ran away, the Americans' motor was holed, their radio smashed by a bullet, and part of their emergency equipment ruined. They'd made a landing on the water, but a carrier plane isn't designed to float indefinitely. They had time to inflate their rubber raft before it sank. That was all. They'd been on the raft five days. For two of those days they'd had no water. Now their situation was not notably improved.

The end of the island came in sight. It stretched out in a long, slender, needle-like sandspit. The seabirds' nesting-place was just inshore from the promontory. It was stained and mottled with their droppings. It looked scabby; leprous. The trade wind blew in their faces. The surf was a continuous booming sound.

The little man started.

"Listen!"

A droning, utterly familiar sound came to them on the wind.

"Planes! Hunting for us!"

They stared. Three minute specks, utterly featureless, hung motionless in the sky. By their lack of motion, they could only be heading straight for the island.

The taller man feverishly began to scoop in the sand. The little man joined him. In minutes they had made a great disturbance on the smooth surface of the beach. Three round markings, a yard in diameter. Three rectangular, enlongated markings, four yards long. Three more round ploughings. Dot-dot-dot, dash-dash-dash, dot-dot-dot. S. O. S.

The planes were near before they finished, but they worked feverishly. Then they stood up to watch eagerly. And the tall man swore bitterly.

"Japs!"

The little man's face lost all its elation. The two castaways stared coldly upward. Their job—at which they had been shot down—had been to find a Jap carrier whose planes had been raiding convoys on the Australian route. Here were more planes, and probably from the very carrier they had hunted for. They did not wave to call attention to themselves. They made no attempt to hide. Their scooped-out signal on the beach would have made that useless, anyhow. They waited bitterly to be observed.

The sound of motors grew loud. It drowned out the surf. It was an overwhelming, overpowering roar. The planes flashed past no more than five hundred feet above the men's heads. There was an instant in which one

(Continued on page 24)

There was no conflict. Instead, a little later, there were strainings. They pulled a limp figure out of the cockpit. It did not move. Or breathe.



Oh, My Poor Invincibles!

By Stanley Frank



ALL studied poses and attitudes are essentially phony, an obvious observation that puts the finger on the new sports trend toward perpetual pessimism, tastefully trimmed with deep indigo, as strictly spurious. It now seems to be fashionable for coaches, upon realizing their fondest dreams, to fear and disavow the success for which they have been working and yearning wistfully. At the moment of their greatest triumph they carry on like a miser counting a fortune racked by heart-rending sobs. Virtually all the big brains of sport are alumni of the throw-in-the-towel school whose brave banner is a rag sodden with lachrymose lamentations.

A conspicuous member of this upper-case set is Frank Leahy, who had the great misfortune to assemble the finest college football team in the country at Notre Dame during the season just completed. There was no one who screamed louder before he was hurt than Leahy, although he didn't have a bruise that was visible to the naked eye. Solicitous friends alarmed by Leahy's melancholia formed a vigilance committee to keep the fellow away from high windows and gas jets. The precaution, fortunately, was unnecessary.

The night before the Navy game in Cleveland, Leahy deluded and deluged the brethren as follows: "We can't keep Navy from scoring at least three touchdowns. We may score one on a lucky pass." Notre Dame defeated Navy, 33-6.

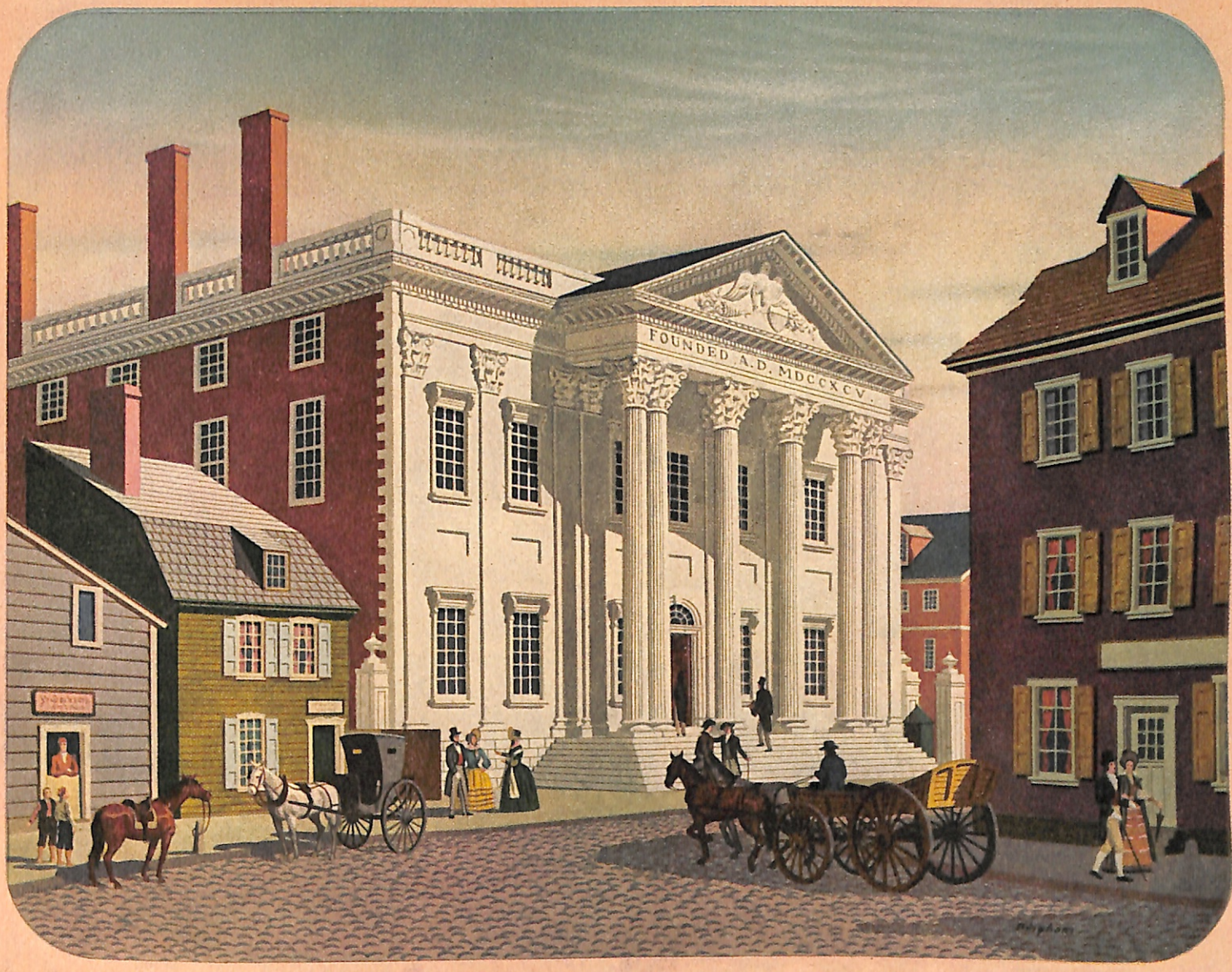
Going into New York for the Army game the following week, Leahy sighed convulsively and predicted his team would lose by a score of 38-0. In spite of it all, 76,000 customers went to the game and saw it decided by a score of 26-0—in Notre Dame's favor.

The suspicion that Leahy would not give the Notre Dame varsity a fighting chance against the cast of "Cry Havoc" was confirmed when the gentlman in question said in a direct quote: "I never have, and never will, pick Notre Dame to win a football game."

This, patently, was an absurd statement to have been made by a mature man. We are not living in a never-never land inhabited by capricious gremlins; this is an age of realism, not romance. Certain truths are self-evident and among these is the unequivocal fact that a splendid football team, such as Notre Dame's, figures to whip a pretty good team every time.

Confronted by this irrefutable logic, as difficult to ignore as his football line, Leahy capitulated slightly, and cautiously admitted he might be somewhat pessimistic in his viewpoint. Only he refused to concede it was pessimism.

(Continued on page 40)



Bank of the United States (later Girard's Bank) . . . from a print dated 1799*

PHILADELPHIA
Rich in Tradition



"Esteemed Sir: Accept my grateful acknowledgment of your draft . . . for tobacco deliver'd. We have been blessed with a bountiful harvest, and I hope soon to visit Philadelphia for some rest and relaxation". . . Letter from a Virginia planter to a banker of Colonial Philadelphia, 1784.

The counting houses of old Philadelphia were the life-blood of the thriving Colonies. Here consorted from the far corners of the expanding New World planter, trader and merchant. Not merely for commerce, but to partake of the sumptuous hospitality of the gracious homes and convivial inns which played them host. Rich indeed was this "heritage of hospitality", a tradition today upheld by a truly noble whisky, Philadelphia Blend. Here is a whisky of such special excellence that you might ordinarily reserve it for special occasions . . . yet one you can afford to enjoy . . . regularly and often.



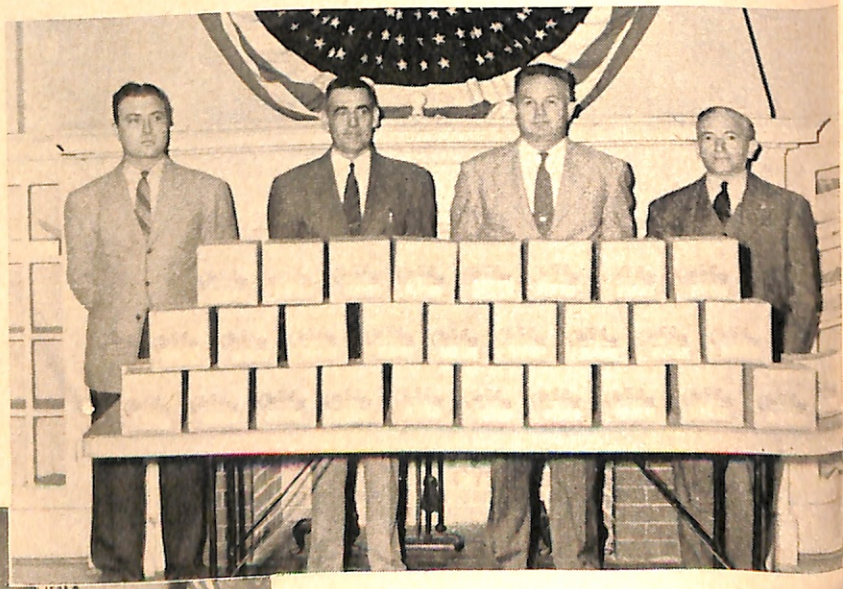
86.8 proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits

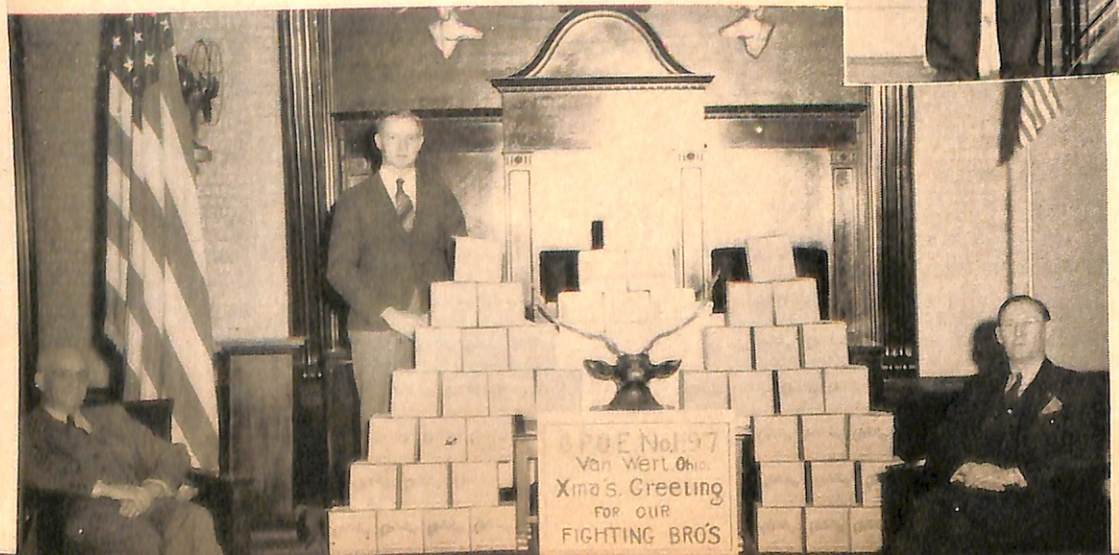
*FROM A SERIES OF HISTORIC PRINTS DESIGNED TO CELEBRATE THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF PHILADELPHIA BLEND . . . FAMOUS SINCE 1894



Above are some of those who attended the presentation ceremonies of a Navy Aviation Award to Hackensack, N. J., Lodge by officers of the U. S. Navy. At the same time, the Lodge received the Naval Award of Merit. Both awards were made to the Lodge for recruiting more than 525 men and women in the Navy Enlistment Program.

THE Elks IN THE WAR





Above are members of the Activities Committee of Fredericksburg, Va., Lodge, shown with some of the "G" Boxes which were sent to members in the Armed Services.

Left are members of Van Wert, Ohio, Lodge, shown with some of the "G" Boxes they also sent to fellow members who are serving with the Armed Forces.



Left are WAVEs who are shown as they were inducted into the Navy as part of Omaha, Neb., Lodge's Recruiting Drive for Navy "Seabees", Army Engineers and WAVEs.



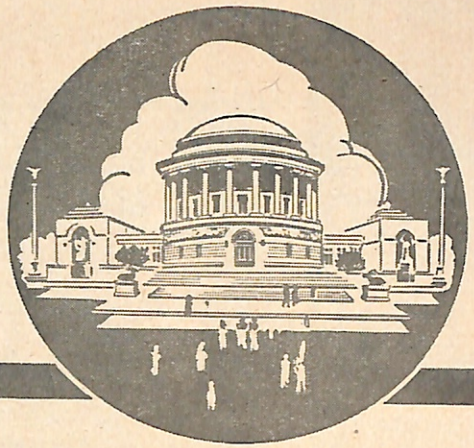
Lower left are members of Grants Pass, Ore., Lodge shown with the "Third War Loan Class" of 17 candidates, initiated to celebrate the Lodge's raising of $113,000 in War Bonds.

Right are members of Houston, Tex., Lodge who are shown when they negotiated the purchase of $75,000 worth of War Bonds.



At bottom are recruits as they were inducted into the Navy under the sponsorship of New Bedford, Mass., Lodge.





Grand Lodge Officers and Committees 1943-1944

GRAND EXALTED RULER

FRANK J. LONERGAN, Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142. Suite 448, Morgan Building

GRAND ESTEEMED LEADING KNIGHT

HOWARD R. DAVIS, Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173. Grit Publishing Company

GRAND ESTEEMED LOYAL KNIGHT

JOSEPH BURKE, Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4. 30 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 2, Ill.

GRAND ESTEEMED LECTURING KNIGHT

ARTHUR L. BARNES, Lewiston, Ida., Lodge, No. 896. 219 Prospect Avenue

GRAND SECRETARY

J. E. MASTERS, (Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494) Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, 2750 Lake View Avenue, Chicago 14, Ill.

GRAND TREASURER

GEORGE M. McLEAN, El Reno, Okla., Lodge, No. 743. Box 167

GRAND TILER

JOHN T. NELSON, Barre, Vt., Lodge, No. 1535. 43 Park Street

GRAND INNER GUARD

IRA R. WEST, Marquette, Mich., Lodge, No. 405. 1240 North 2nd St.

GRAND CHAPLAIN

REVEREND FATHER P. H. McGEOUGH, (Valley City, N. D., Lodge, No. 1110) Sanborn, N. D.

GRAND ESQUIRE

(To be appointed)

SECRETARY TO GRAND EXALTED RULER

CHARLES C. BRADLEY, Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142. Suite 448, Morgan Building

BOARD OF GRAND TRUSTEES

JOSEPH B. KYLE, *Chairman,* Gary, Ind., Lodge, No. 1152. 1545 West Fifth Avenue

WADE H. KEPNER, *Vice-Chairman,* Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, No. 28. 1308 Chapline Street

JOHN E. DRUMMEY, *Secretary,* Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92. 1702 Broadway, Seattle 22, Wash.

CHARLES E. BROUGHTON, *Approving Member,* Sheboygan, Wis., Lodge, No. 299. 626-636 Center Avenue

ROBERT S. BARRETT, *Home Member,* Alexandria, Va., Lodge, No. 758. 404 Duke Street

GRAND FORUM

JOHN M. McCABE, *Chief Justice,* Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53. 2532 Meadowwood Drive

HENRY G. WENZEL, JR., (Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878) 115-01 85th Avenue, Richmond Hill, N. Y.

GEORGE W. BRUCE, Montrose, Colo., Lodge, No. 1053. Box 456

ALLEN B. HANNAY, Houston, Tex., Lodge, No. 151. 330 Post Office Building, Houston 2, Tex.

L. A. LEWIS, (Anaheim, Calif., Lodge, No. 1345) 1109 Rowan Building, Los Angeles 13, Calif.

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CLYDE E. JONES, *Chairman,* Ottumwa, Ia., Lodge, No. 347. Union Bank & Trust Company Building

JOHN E. MULLEN, Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14. 1011 Turkshead Building

JAMES R. GARRISON, Warrensburg, Mo., Lodge, No. 673. County Court House

C. WESLEY KILLEBREW, Augusta, Ga., Lodge, No. 205. 411-415 Marion Building

BENJAMIN F. WATSON, Lansing, Mich., Lodge, No. 196

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WILBUR P. BAIRD, *Chairman,* Greenville, Pa., Lodge, No. 145. 230 Main Street

WILLIAM A. UTHMEIER, Marshfield, Wis., Lodge, No. 665. Box 48

ROSS IRLE, Beckley, W. Va., Lodge, No. 1452. 201 Beaver Avenue

HAROLD M. McNEIL, Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85

HARRY K. REID, Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79. 306-307 Massey Building

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STANLEY J. SHOOK, Topeka, Kans., Lodge, No. 204. 111 East Eighth Avenue

JAMES L. McGOVERN, Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge, No. 36. The Bridgeport Post, The Bridgeport Post and Telegram, 410 State Street

FRANK W. THURMAN, Boulder, Colo., Lodge, No. 566. 1240 Walnut Street

WALTER G. PENRY, Delaware, O., Lodge, No. 76. 110 North Sandusky Street

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NAVE G. LEIN, Spokane, Wash., Lodge, No. 228

JOHN J. HORAN, Manchester, N. H., Lodge, No. 146

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MAX LINDHEIMER, Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173. 335 West Fourth Street

ALBERT W. ARNOLD, Lincoln, Ill., Lodge, No. 914

AUGUST F. GREINER, Perth Amboy, N. J., Lodge, No. 784

GLENN L. MILLER, Logansport, Ind., Lodge, No. 66

ANTLERS COUNCIL

CHARLES T. REYNOLDS, *Chairman,* Vallejo, Calif., Lodge, No. 559

FRED L. BOHN, Zanesville, O., Lodge, No. 114

FRANK G. MITZEL, Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34. 1313 Dime Bank Building

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JAMES R. NICHOLSON, *Secretary and Treasurer,* (Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61) Room 506, 21 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

MICHAEL F. SHANNON, *Assistant Secretary and Assistant Treasurer,* Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99. Citizens National Bank Building, Los Angeles 13, Calif.

JOHN K. TENER, (Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494) 1527 Oliver Building, Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION TRUSTEES

JOHN F. MALLEY, *Chairman,* (Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61) 15 State Street, Boston 9, Mass.

RAYMOND BENJAMIN, *Vice-Chairman,* (Napa, Calif., Lodge, No. 832) Newtown Avenue and Crooked Mile, R.F.D. No. 3, Westport, Conn.

FLOYD E. THOMPSON, *Secretary,* (Moline, Ill., Lodge, No. 556) 11 South La Salle Street, Chicago 3, Ill.

JAMES G. McFARLAND, *Treasurer,* Watertown, S. D., Lodge, No. 838

EDWARD RIGHTOR, New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30. 1340 Canal Bank Building

CHARLES H. GRAKELOW, Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2. Broad Street at Cumberland

MURRAY HULBERT, New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1. 2201 U. S. Court House

ELKS WAR COMMISSION

JAMES R. NICHOLSON, *Chairman,* (Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61) Room 506, 21 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

JAMES T. HALLINAN, *Vice-Chairman and Treasurer,* (Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878) Room 1107, 475 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

EDWARD J. McCORMICK, *Secretary,* Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53. 510-511 Ohio Bank Building, Toledo 4, O.

HENRY C. WARNER, *Assistant Treasurer,* Dixon, Ill., Lodge, No. 779

JOHN R. COEN, (Sterling, Colo., Lodge, No. 1336) Midland Savings Building, Denver, Colo.

DAVID SHOLTZ, (Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1141) Suite 400, American Bank Building, Miami, Fla.

JOSEPH G. BUCH, Trenton, N. J., Lodge, No. 105. 732 Broad Street Bank Building, Trenton 8, N. J.

JOHN S. McCLELLAND, Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78. 218 Court House

EMMETT T. ANDERSON, Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, No. 174. 756-758 Commerce Street

E. MARK SULLIVAN, Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10. 209 Washington Street, Boston 8, Mass.

The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

The Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., is maintained as a residence for aged and indigent members of the Order. It is neither an infirmary nor a hospital. Applications for admission to the Home must be made in writing, on blanks furnished by the Grand Secretary and signed by the applicant. All applications must be approved by the subordinate lodge of which the applicant is a member, at a regular meeting and forwarded to the Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications. For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title I, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address Robert S. Barrett, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, 404 Duke Street, Alexandria, Virginia.



Above: Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan and Rev. Father Peter McGeough, Grand Chaplain, shown with prominent North Dakota Elks when Mr. Lonergan visited Minot Lodge for an initiation ceremony.

GRAND EXALTED RULER'S *Visits*

GRAND EXALTED RULER FRANK J. LONERGAN, while in Oklahoma the latter part of last October, paid an unscheduled visit to **TULSA LODGE NO. 946.** Mr. Lonergan inspected the Elks Fraternal Center, registering his unqualified approval and praising the work of P.E.R. R. R. Rhine who is in charge of the Center. The lodge members, happy to have the Grand Exalted Ruler with them for even a short time, did everything they could to make his stay a pleasant one.

On November the 3rd, addressing members of **DUBUQUE, IA., LODGE, NO.**

(Continued on page 36)

Below: Mr. Lonergan is shown with members of Dubuque, Ia., Lodge when he paid his official visit there.





Above are officers of Prescott, Ariz., Lodge with candidates who were initiated on "Old Timers Night". The officers were dressed in costumes similar to those worn by members of the Lodge some 40 years ago whenever they appeared in public ceremony.

Under the ANTLERS

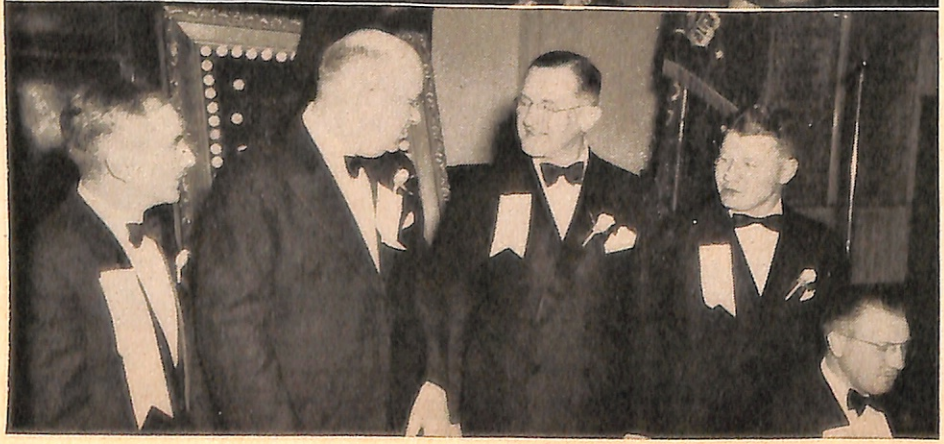
News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

TUCUMCARI, N. M. The initiation of seventeen new members by Tucumcari Lodge No. 1172 last October was followed by the induction of a November class of fourteen. This southwestern lodge is active in fraternal and war work and doing well financially. An investment of $14,500 in War Bonds has been made and additional purchases, to raise the amount to $20,000, are planned for the near future.

BUTLER, PA. A nurse at the Butler County Memorial Hospital, Miss Loretta Maloney, returned to the hospital recently after a course of study under Sister Kenny at the University of Minnesota where her expenses were paid by Butler Lodge No. 170. The young lady, who agreed to remain in Butler for at least two years, is now well qualified to instruct student nurses and to practice the famous Kenny method for the treatment of infantile paralysis, having had 12 weeks of classroom instruction and 10 weeks of actual experience during a recent epidemic.

OMAHA, NEB. Under the leadership of its chairman, P.E.R. J. Clyde Travis, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, the Win-the-War Committee of Omaha Lodge No. 39 has achieved success in many undertakings. It has been active in all of the war loan





Above, left: John E. Marshall, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of San Pedro, Calif., Lodge, presents to D.D. Owen O. Keown a check which was the Lodge's payment in full of its obligation to the Elks War Commission.

Left: Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland is shown with other members at Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge, when he attended the initiation of the "John S. McClelland—On to Victory Class", at a meeting of the Tennessee State Elks Assn.



Above are members of Catskill, N. Y., Lodge who were present for the official visit of D.D. Anthony T. Lehmann and State Vice-Pres. Philip Parker.

drives and in the recruiting of Seabees, Army Engineers and Waves. One contingent of 38 Waves, leaving for training in the East, was given a fine send-off. Music was furnished by the Elks Rangers and talks were made by E.R. George A. Keefe and Mr. Travis.

Elks Air Training Institute No. 10, at the University of Omaha, is sponsored by No. 39. Several of the first graduates have distinguished themselves in various combat areas.

In addition to the "G" Box program, close contact with some 300 members in the Armed Forces is maintained through the medium of a monthly bulletin. Purchases of War Bonds in the amount of $50,000 have been made by the House Committee from surplus earnings; the lodge has invested $6,000 and the Elks Glee Club $1,500. Omaha Lodge has contributed $4,680 to the Elks War Fund for the two-year period ending July 15, 1944.

CHARLESTON W. VA. One of the objectives of the Past Exalted Rulers Association of West Virginia is the collection of old pocket knives to be sent to members in the Armed Forces. Charleston Lodge No. 202 is being assisted in its own endeavor by local industrial plants which recondition and sharpen the knives contributed. These are packaged and mailed to servicemen, postage being paid by the Elks. A letter with the donor's name is sent with each knife.

It is likely that many an Elk, while rummaging about his house preparing for the next scrap drive, will run across an old knife. For the information of those who would like to help the Association in what it is doing, Charleston Lodge through its secretary, Ira D. Maynor, requests that knives donated, regardless of their condition, be placed in envelopes bearing the names and addresses of the donors and sent to the lodge, Box 1591, Charleston 26, W. Va.

SOUTH BEND, IND. November 1, 1943, was the date of the official visit

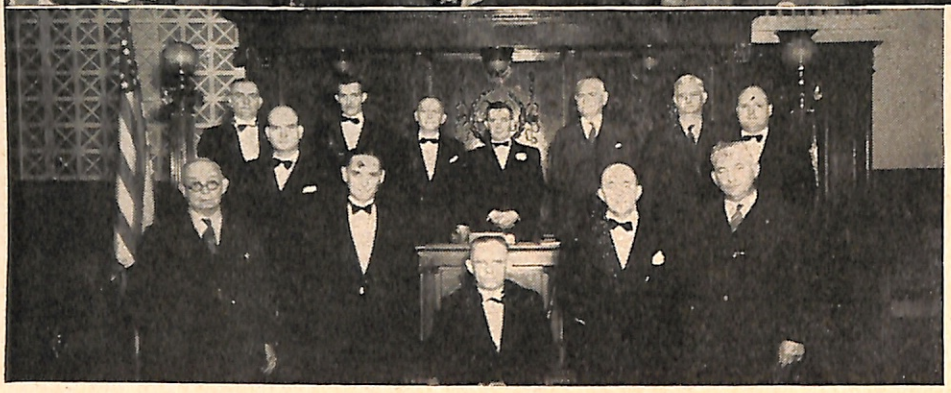


Left: E.R. B. P. Mays of Augusta, Ga., and E. P. Kenny, Chairman of the Welfare Committee, present to the Directors of the Augusta Library Association a check for $1,200 for the upkeep of a reference library. Augusta Lodge has pledged this amount as an annual appropriation.

Below is the "On to Victory" Class of candidates initiated into Sterling, Ill., Lodge recently. Among those present were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner and D.D. D. J. Hilvers.







Above are those who were initiated into Charles City, Ia., Lodge in the presence of D.D. W. F. Penaluna and Iowa State Elks Association officials as part of the Lodge's "On to Victory" Class.

Left: Officers of Roanoke, Va., Lodge who entertained Grand Trustee Robert S. Barrett, D.D. John R. Schafe and P.D.D. P. A. Kersey on the occasion of the initiation of a large "On to Victory" Class into Roanoke Lodge.

of P.E.R. John A. MacLennan, of Gary Lodge, D.D. for the Indiana North District, to South Bend Lodge No. 235. Part of the afternoon was given over to a general inspection of the books and records of the lodge and a conference with the officers on subjects pertaining to its welfare.

At the evening session, the "On to Victory" Class of 66 members was initiated. Mr. MacLennan addressed the meeting, outlining the current year's program as arranged by the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Grand Lodge, stressing the importance of increased participation in war work on the part of the lodges and asking for a continuance of the cooperation that has made the Indiana North District outstanding in its accomplishments.

TENNESSEE STATE ELKS ASSOCIATION. The 1943 annual meeting of the Tennessee State Elks Association was held at Chattanooga on October 26. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: Pres., Major Alfred T. Levine, Nashville; Vice-Pres.'s: Central, C. H. Smith, Nashville; West, Hugh W. Hicks, Jackson; East, Albert G. Heins, Knoxville; Secy., H. L. Dahlman, Nashville; Treas., John T. Menefee, Chattanooga; Trustees: J. Ross Reed, Greeneville, and E. D. Seagraves, Columbia.

The new president, a leader in infantile paralysis work in Davidson County, stated that relief for crippled children



Left: Members of Oneida, N. Y., Lodge are shown as they burned the mortgage on the Lodge home. Among those present at the meeting was Captain Stephen McGrath, Past Grand Est. Loyal Knight.

Below is the "Business and Professional Men's Class" of 23 members, which was initiated into Whittier, Calif., Lodge on "Mike Shannon Night" in honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, shown seated.







Above are members of Waycross, Ga., Lodge who were present at the ceremony of burning the mortgage on the Lodge home.

Left: Members of Anaheim, Calif., Lodge present a check for a $500 War Bond to the Chairman of the Boys' Center, Inc. The check represented the first prize won by Anaheim Lodge for the most Bonds sold by any local organization during the Third War Loan Drive and will retire the total indebtedness on the Boy Scout Clubhouse.

would be one of the Association's chief objectives during his administration. A highlight of the meeting was the initiation of the 32 members of the "John S. McClelland—On to Victory Class" honoring Past Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland who participated in the proceedings as a guest of the State Association and the host lodge, Chattanooga No. 91. Mr. Heins was present in his official capacity as District Deputy for Tennessee, East. The retiring president, Joe W. Anderson, P.E.R. of Chattanooga Lodge, and Walter R. Chamberlain, Exalted Ruler, figured prominently.

ROANOKE, VA. Members of Roanoke Lodge No. 197 had the honor of entertaining Grand Trustee Robert S. Barrett, D.D. John R. Schafe and P.D.D. P. A. Kersey, all of Alexandria, Va., Lodge, No. 758, and P.E.R. Robert A. Scott, of Linton, Ind., Lodge, No. 866, Superintendent of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., at a regular meeting on October 26, 1943. This was Mr. Schafe's official visit to No. 197, one of the nine lodges in his district, Virginia, West.

A large Victory Class was initiated into Roanoke Lodge and interesting talks were made by the distinguished guests.

A CHANGE IN NEWS HEADINGS

In the interest of saving space, which *The Elks Magazine* must do because of the current paper shortage, the editors have temporarily abandoned the usual two-line headings of news items in these "Under the Antler" columns, leaving only the city name-line in bold type, as you see in this issue.

The editors hope that our readers will approve of this try-out measure and that they will express their opinions as to its popularity.

Below are officers of Warrensburg, Mo., Lodge and a large class of candidates they initiated recently.

BOISE, IDA. A purchase of $5,000 in War Bonds was made by Boise Lodge No. 310 last October. The Bonds were bought as a gesture of appreciation of entertainment furnished by the Gowen Field Jive Bombers at the lodge's Halloween Dance.

The Dance was held at the Miramar Ballroom just outside Boise. Each of the 500 Elks and guests brought a gift for the Elks "G" Boxes and as a result, 40 Boxes were filled and sent to members in the Services.

CHICAGO (SOUTH), ILL. Chicago (South) Lodge No. 1596 was host to Elks of the Illinois Northeast District at a Fall meeting which assumed the semblance of a war conference. All of the 15 lodges of the District were represented. Dr. H. J. Raley, E.R. of Harrisburg Lodge, attended in his official capacity as Pres. of the Ill. State Elks Assn., and District Vice-Pres. Bede Armstrong, of Waukegan, presided.

Among the many prominent Illinois Elks who attended the conference were Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Joseph Burke, of Chicago Lodge No. 4, five Past District Deputies, namely, John A. Thiel, Harvey, Joseph M. Cooke, Harvey, O. E.





Above is the "On to Victory" Class which was recently initiated into Kankakee, Ill., Lodge.



Right are members of Great Falls, Mont., Lodge shown with some of the hundred or more newsboys who were guests at an annual dinner given by the Lodge.

Andres, Evanston, Arthur A. Olson, Chicago (South), and William R. Fletcher, Joliet, and E.R.'s F. J. Munchalfen, Joliet, J. Howard Hanford, Waukegan, Knute H. Hanson, Elgin, Charles A. Geupel, Harvey, Frank G. Carney, Oak Park, Ralph H. Lemoi, Evanston, John L. Patrick, Blue Island, Raymond J. Sheahen, Highland Park, Jerry J. Brousil, Cicero-Berwyn, Robert H. Eddy, Jr., Elmhurst, and John Campbell, Chicago (South).

Two business sessions were held, one in the afternoon, another in the evening. Reports made by the Exalted Rulers showed that many new features in war work and in crippled children, community and Red Cross activities, were being introduced in the various lodges.

LONG BEACH, CALIF. Past Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis, of Anaheim Lodge No. 1345, a member of the Grand Forum, a Past District Deputy and a Past President of the California State Elks Association, was the guest recently of Long Beach Lodge No. 888 at a gala affair held in his honor. Approximately 600 members were present at the session held in the lodge room.

Exalted Ruler Robert P. Mohrbacker turned the gavel over to immediate Past President Newton M. Todd, Chairman of the "'Fay' Lewis Night" program. Mr. Todd was ably assisted by Vice-Chairmen Lloyd C. Leedom, P.D.D., and P.E.R. Russell Pavey. The evening was one long to be remembered. Anaheim Lodge was given a large framed picture of Mr. Lewis who was himself presented with a leather wardrobe case.

NEWPORT, R. I. Past Exalted Ruler J. Frank Albro, of Newport Lodge No. 104, and former chief accountant in the New England Steamship Company offices, where he was employed for nearly half a century, passed away on October 7, 1943, at the age of seventy. Mr. Albro served as Exalted Ruler in 1909-10. For many years he was Chairman of the Board of Trustees, holding that office at the time of his death, and was also a member of the House Committee. For several previous years he had served as chairman of that committee.

Joining the lodge in 1902, Mr. Albro became immediately an active member. He served as Chaplain at Elks' memorial and funeral services and also assisted in staging shows and bazaars.

Below: Members of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge burn the mortgage on their home when 52 members of the "Dick Parker Class" were initiated.

WILSON, N. C. The latest and most ambitious of the wartime accomplishments of Wilson Lodge No. 840 is the huge sale of War Bonds in the amount of $309,450, more than one-eighth of the county's quota, in the Third War Loan Drive. When the quota was announced, it was found to be twice the amount for the previous Drive, and E.R. Ed. W. Davis and the members of Wilson Lodge were bewildered at the





thought of raising $300,000. With a slow start, the lodge was $100,000 behind on the eve of the close of the campaign.

A "clean-up auction sale", to put not only the lodge but the county over the top, was staged. Lodge members contributed 72 valuable articles which were auctioned off by W. T. Burton, Jr., prominent tobacco auctioneer and member of No. 840. Top price was $10,000 for a Victorian chair, with $8,500 second for a 20-pound, two-year old North Carolina ham. Cartons of cigarettes sold for $300; other articles ranged upward to $5,000. A case of beer, resold twice, brought $4,200, while shotgun shells and chewing gum, two scarce articles in the section, brought from $1,500 to $2,500 a box. The auction netted $125,900 in Bonds and put both the lodge and county over the top at the eleventh hour.

Above: Cortland, N. Y., Lodge officers present the Elks National Foundation Scholarship Award check to Miss Florence M. Ubertini of Cortland.

Wilson Lodge, only two years old, responded vigorously to the first call sent out by the Elks War Commission for cooperation in the war effort. There has been no let-up in the lodge's patriotic endeavors. An "Elks Bedroom" has been furnished at the local USO center, and an "Elks Day Room" has been completely equipped at a Fort Bragg recreation center. A purchase of $3,000 in War Bonds has been made by Wilson Lodge. In addition to its war activities, the lodge has carried on its regular work faithfully and has spent $1,500 on its home for improvements, repairs and new equipment.

WAYCROSS, GA. Waycross Lodge No. 369 burned the mortgage on its home, made a cash donation of $150 to the National War Fund and initiated eleven candidates on October 21, 1943. More than 200 members were present. Exalted Ruler J. H. Lawrence presided, assisted by his officers. Past Exalted Rulers Walter Thomas, Vice-Pres. of the Ga. State Elks Assn., and W. Wayne Hinson, D.D. for Georgia, East, occupied seats of honor on the rostrum; P.E.R.'s R. Sam Monroe and Harry H. Rowling, Jr., Past State Vice-Presidents, led the floor activities.

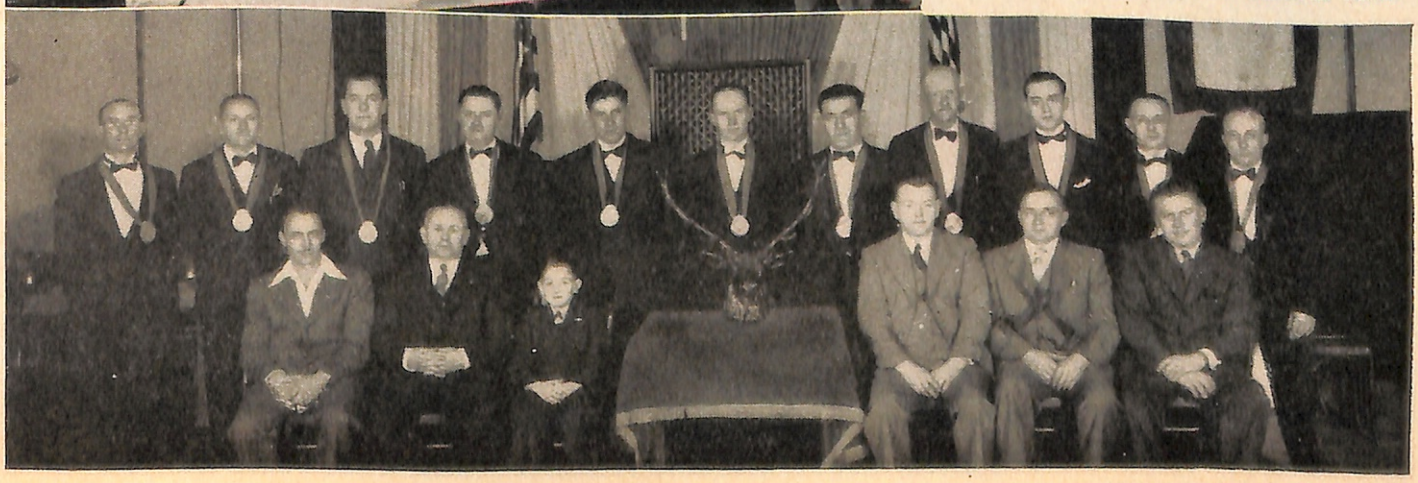
The supper session and the meeting were opened with prayer by Chaplain E. M. Claytor, who also delivered the address to the Class. Just before the mortgage was burned, Mr. Hinson, Mr. Monroe and Mr. Rowling, C. W. Deming and J. K. Hilton, Treasurer of the lodge, stood before the altar at the invitation of the Exalted Ruler who praised the work performed by them so consistently in behalf of the lodge.

(Continued on page 36)



Left are students, under the sponsorship of Honolulu, Hawaii, Lodge, who collected and distributed collection containers among the business houses of the community for the purpose of relieving the poliomyelitis epidemic which struck Hawaii.

Below are officers of Washington, N. J., Lodge with a class of candidates they initiated recently. Among them was Prince Leon, 43½ inches tall, entertainer of national fame.



Fish in Troubled Waters

(Continued from page 11)

black shadow raced with incredible speed across the island; in which two others flickered across the waves. Then they were gone.

"And that's that!" said the tall man, bitterly. But he turned to watch the dwindling aircraft.

They turned, some two miles beyond the island. They came back. At the island's edge, they dived. The sound of their coming went up and up toward shrillness. Then there were little pattering noises. Sand spat up in innumerable little dust-pats.

"Machine guns!" croaked the big man. "Come on!"

He raced for the leprous-looking patch of ground on which the seabirds nested. The little man tore after him, croaking furious profanity. All about them they heard whinings and the curious slapping sound of machine-gun bullets as they struck. But the mottled, scabby nesting-place was a haven. Two men on a sand beach were clearly visible. On this irregularly-colored area they were not nearly so distinct. They flung themselves down as the roar of motors reached a peak of volume and of horror. Then the earth shook. Concussion-waves pounded at them. Titanic explosions churned the sand. The tall man was half-buried by upflung sand and guano. The little man was blotted out by a thinner but effectively concealing layer of foul-smelling stuff.

The planes swept overhead for the third time. Methodically, they drenched the island with explosives.

The planes roared past. They went on out to sea.

"Hey!" croaked the little man. "Are you all right?"

"Keep still!" panted the tall one. "They'll come back!"

They did. Again, from a thin roar, the sound of aircraft motors swelled and swelled. Again the thudding thunder of bombs. Again clouds of coral sand and guano. For seconds the island was an inferno. Then the noise was past.

This time the planes did not swing back. They went on down to leeward, and they dwindled and dwindled and ceased to be, while the little man shook his fist at them and swore with an intense earnestness.

Presently, the two Americans went on about their business. They had been seen to be castaways by Japanese planes. Instead of a rescue, the Japs had bombed them. There were no adequate comments. The two men continued their limping, weary exploration of the island. An hour after the planes had left, they knew its utter poverty.

But they selected a likely spot. With scraps of driftwood and with their bare hands they dug a gently-sloping pit. They rested often. After three feet, the sand was damp. The pit could be steeper, after that. They went down and down. The idea was that rain must fall upon the island, and it must sink into the sand. It would be lighter than salt water, and it would diffuse only slowly into the sea. There should be fresh water somewhere under the sand.

It was brackish, semi-salt, when they came to it, but they drank deeply and eagerly. They stripped and scrubbed themselves with handfuls of wetted sand. They saturated their skins and their tissues with it. They drank again. Then they were very hungry.

"I guess," said the smaller man with unconvincing gloom, "I guess we've got to eat fish. How'll we catch 'em?"

They raveled cordage from a driftwood spar to which some frayed fragments of rope still clung. They improvised a manufacture of fishhooks out of shell. The fishhooks were not very good. They fished, with hermit-crabs for bait.

Half an hour before sunset they had caught one small fish. They made a fire of scraps of driftwood, lighting it with the larger man's cigarette-lighter, which marvelously worked in spite of its immersion. They had spitted the fish upon a long splinter and were roasting it—and the little man's mouth worked convulsively at the smell of cookery—when the planes came back.

They came from the south. The castaways' fire was a marker. The planes circled deliberately and the Americans raced to fling themselves down between small hummocks of sand. There was again a period in

Illustrated by LEE GUSTAVSON



which the air was filled with the droning hum of engines and the thudding concussion of bombs.

The planes flew off again, straight to the north-east. The big man got up and shook himself. The little man swore.

"The first time in my life I'd ever have enjoyed a fish," he said bitterly, "and they had to bomb it!"

"They're going back to the carrier," said the big man, practically. "We get no supper. Let's have a drink and try to sleep."

They went to the well they had dug so laboriously. It was filled in by an explosion nearby. Worse, the ground stank of burned explosives. They regarded the disaster in angry silence. Then the big man said, "We'll dig another one tomorrow. The carrier won't stay in one place. They'll leave us alone presently."

They slept fitfully, with gnawings of hunger. The surf boomed and the tradewind blew all night long. Dawn had not yet come when motors could be heard again. Very many of them. The two Americans started up.

"A big flight off on a raid," said the bigger man, coldly. "They must have spotted a convoy yesterday."

The roaring became a steady thunder. The sound of surf was drowned out. A star winked out and on again. Another.

"Anyhow they can't see us," said the little man, angrily.

The bigger man looked at the sea. Surf breaking on the encircling reefs made rings of gleaming phosphorescence. It would outline the island perfectly. It was still night and there was no moon, but the island could be spotted from the air.

A spark glowed suddenly in mid-sky. It flared. It became an intolerable, blinding light. The island seemed to shine with a white incandescence. The two Americans froze into stiff immobility. Bombs began to drop. The harshness of the light became softened by clouds of dust and stinking fumes. The planes crossed the island, bombing, and wheeled, and dropped another pattern. A second and a third flare blossomed in the sky. The wind carried them across the island's surface. The planes swept overhead for the third time. Methodically, they drenched the island with explosives.

They went away. The first flare burned out. The Americans saw each other in the pitiless double-shadowed glare of the others. They were filthy, ragged scarecrows, buffeted and battered by concussions and upflung sand and guano. The second flare touched earth and burned out on the ground. The third died as it swung low across the big sand dune.

"Somebody's been living right," said the little man, with most implausible levity. "They should have gotten us then!"

"But why did they try?" demanded the bigger man. "What's the object? Dammit, we're not worth all this! They're changing course!"

It was so. The planes had swung to a course nearly due south. They had come out of their way to pass over this island and bomb it, because there were two white castaways on it.

"A big flight of planes goes off-course just to kill two men," said the big man angrily. "There must be a reason! There—" Then he said abruptly, "I've got it. The reason is that there isn't any carrier! There's a base! A hidden air-base!"

With the reek of explosives still about him, he pounded out his reasoning. The planes they had seen in daylight were catapult-launched. They could be launched from the deck of a converted merchant steamer. But not many islands in this area had enough solid ground for a landing-field. Not in one piece, anyhow. But if a base used catapults to launch its planes, it would need land only for camouflaged hangars and workshops, and a bit of sheltered water for its planes to land on! The Japs might have an air-base which was undetectable from the air and fiendishly convenient for raids upon the Australian convoy-line. And two white castaways on nearby land might guess its existence. So they would have to be killed lest by some freak of chance they should be picked up.

The little man listened.

"Yeah," he agreed. "Either that, or the whole Jap air-force has been detailed to see that I starve to death. D'you think we'll be able to sneak a meal before they come back?"

Dawn came slowly. Then, quite suddenly, it was day. The island had been unmercifully blasted. The big man counted fifty bomb-craters. The little man went to the beach and came back carrying two huge fish.

"A bomb fell in the water," he said in stilly calm. "It killed a lot of fish. They're all over the beach. And the ones we don't eat are going to smell! Ah, how I love the smell of decaying fish!"

The big man began to build a fire. The little man went off hopefully to see if any sea-birds had perhaps been killed in the morning bombardment. He came back carrying a huge armful of shimmering white cloth from which cords depended.

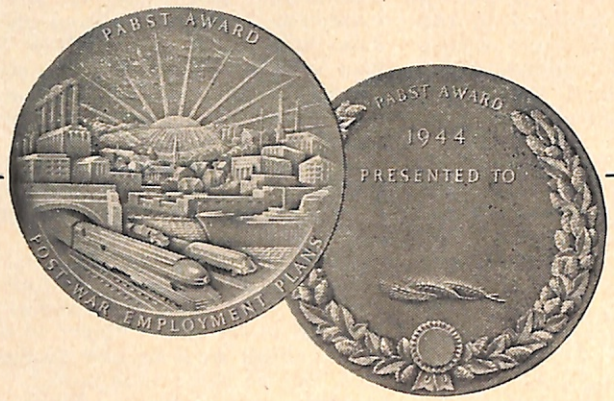
"The chutes from the flares," he said discouragedly. "We could make a tent to keep off the sun, if we dared. No birds killed. Not a feather. Goy, feed me! I'm desperate!"

He was desperate. His companion

(Continued on page 28)



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Pabst Post-War Employment Awards

will be paid by Pabst Brewing Company of Milwaukee, Wis., and Peoria, Ill., in observance of the 100th Anniversary* of the founding of its business, in the hope and belief that the offering of these Awards will encourage the American people to give serious thought to a problem which is vital to the future of our Country.

The judging of entries and all related matters will be completely independent of Pabst Brewing Company. The administrative details will be handled by the Pabst Post-War Employment Awards Committee, under the supervision of George V. Denny, Jr., Moderator, America's Town Meeting of the Air.

**Since 1844, the Pabst Breweries have grown and prospered under the American democratic system. We are grateful for our success and would like to do our share in searching out solutions to the problems which will face our nation; so that all of us may continue to live in a prosperous, peaceful, active and advancing country.*

series of Awards for EMPLOYMENT PLANS

Submissions

must be mailed not later than February 7, 1944.

Manuscripts submitted should present *a workable and practical basis for the solution of the broad problems of Post-War Employment in America.*

The Awards are to be made solely on the basis of the value of the plans presented . . . not on literary merit.

After the winners have been announced, copies of the winning plans will be turned over to responsible officials of the Government. In addition, copies will be made available for study by any other agency—public or private—which concerns itself with the problems of Post-War Employment.

The Rules

of the competition are as follows:

1. Every citizen of the United States of America, including members of the Armed Forces at home and abroad, is eligible to compete for the Awards, except officers or employees of Pabst Brewing Company or its subsidiaries, or its advertising agency, instructors, administrators or students in the Economics Department of Columbia University. Likewise, no member of the immediate family of any of these groups is eligible.

2. Each entrant shall submit his own plan for stimulating Post-War Employment in the United States. Each plan shall be stated in not to exceed 2,000 words. The plan may be supported by such additional material as the entrant may decide to furnish.

3. All manuscripts must be written in English on one side of the paper, preferably by typewriter. Illegible entries will be given no consideration. Each manuscript must bear the entrant's signature, his home address, and normal occupation. However, during the final judging, entries will be identified by numbers only.

   If an entry is submitted jointly by more than one person, the signature, home address and normal occupation of each of the persons must be given, and if such manuscript wins a prize the amount of the prize will be divided equally among those persons.

4. By submitting an entry in this competition, the entrant agrees to be bound by all of the provisions of these rules.

   All manuscripts and plans submitted shall become the property of Pabst Brewing Company, which shall have the right to publish the manuscript and author's name, but not to the exclusion of the author. No manuscripts will be returned.

5. *Entries will be judged on the basis of the practical contribution they offer to Post-War Employment in the United States and not on literary merit.*

6. Prizes, as listed elsewhere in this announcement, will be awarded as determined by the Board of Judges. The decisions of a majority of the judges shall constitute and be the decisions of the Board of Judges and shall be final, conclusive and binding upon all persons entering upon the competition.

   If the Board of Judges shall determine that two entries are tied for a particular award, each of the two entries will receive the full amount of that award. In the event of the death, resignation, inability or refusal to act of any one or more of the judges, the remaining judges may but shall not be required to select a successor or successors to fill any such vacancy.

7. Entries, to be eligible for consideration, must be mailed and postmarked not later than midnight, February 7, 1944, and, regardless of postmark, must be received not later than March 27, 1944. Neither Pabst Brewing Company nor anyone connected with the competition will be responsible for entries delayed, damaged, undelivered or lost. Address and mail entries to:

   Pabst Post-War Employment Awards
   551 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, New York

   Be sure to affix adequate postage.

   Announcement of winners will be made on April 12, 1944, or as soon thereafter as judging can be completed.

8. The Board of Judges shall have the right to require any entrant to furnish satisfactory proof that he is the author of the manuscript and plan submitted by him.

9. Any further information regarding Pabst Awards may be obtained by addressing the Pabst Post-War Employment Awards, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, New York.

PABST POST-WAR EMPLOYMENT AWARDS

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Fish in Troubled Waters

(Continued from page 25)

gave him fish to eat and pretended not to notice the ravenousness with which the little man ate. Presently, in snatches of talk, the two men planned their actions for the day.

There was not much that they could do. But they dug another well. They were stronger, now, because they had fed. When they reached water and had drunk deeply, they made a roof of one of the parachutes over brushwood-stalks, and sprinkled sand until all was concealed. It would not be a target from the air, anyhow. They made a similar cunning shelter in the side of a sand-dune, for themselves to hide in.

Then they explored the island again. The worst of their predicament was their helplessness. They would suffer hunger and thirst and scorching sun. They would be bombed without mercy or respite. They believed that they knew or suspected a fact of great importance in the war, and they could not impart it to anyone. They could suffer but they could not accomplish anything.

Toward nightfall, the little man saw a dozen or more seagulls flapping and squabbling above something a little distance from the shore.

"I read about a trick once," he said absorbedly. "It was in a book I read when I was a kid. You let a string blow out where there are gulls, and they get curious and peck at it and get tangled up. Then you haul them in. Think it would work?"

"Bait would be better," said the big man. "And if you could fly the bait up to them, now—" Then he said heavily, "Hell!"

He pointed far out over the sea. The Jap planes were coming back. Not all of them, apparently. The formation was uneven. One plane flew erratically, by itself. Part of its controls shot away, most likely.

A flight of three fighters detached itself from the ragged group. It sped over to the island. The two castaways sprinted to their shelter and dived into hiding. They felt secure.

"ANYHOW," said the little man vengefully, panting under the suffocatingly hot roof of sand, "anyhow they ran into something! They got shot up plenty!"

They could see only a little out of their hiding-place. It was very near to sunset. Shadows were incredibly long and black. They heard the roar of motors, very close. It swept overhead, and dwindled, and swept back again. Then a single plane seemed to dive alone. They heard the rasp of machine-gun fire through the motor's bellowing.

Suddenly, something ripped through the cloth roof above them. There were other patterings. Bullets. They heard the plane pull out of its dive. And then there was a thunderous, overwhelming detonation almost on top of them, and sand surged upon them to bury them alive. To stay still was suffocation. They struggled frantically to fight their way clear. It seemed that tons of sand lay upon them. They struggled upright. The big man's head came clear. He hauled at his companion. A second plane was diving.

"Run, you dam' fool!" panted the little man. "Scatter!"

He darted in one direction, the big man in another. Machine-gun bullets pattered down. There was a fighter-plane diving like some monstrous hawk. The little man fled in seemingly panic-stricken flight. He darted sharply to one side, turned, darted in another, zig-zagged back, and then just as a black thing dropped earthward he ran straight to meet it.

The bomb fell thirty yards behind him—and he had dropped flat to the earth before it went off. Sand-particles sifted downward as the plane pulled out of its dive and roared away.

The big man had not been a target. But another plane dived deliberately, and he ran to his companion.

"Hurt?" he snapped.

"Hell, no!" panted the little one. "Get going!"

HE BEGAN to run. But he was panting. The big man stood still, shaking his fist as if in insane defiance at the diving monster. He stood so until he had definitely drawn the pilot's attention. Then he seemed to become imbued with terror. He made little, purposeless rushes here and there. They seemed mere panic, but they made him a very poor mark to shoot at. The third plane bored down and bored down. Its machine-guns spat and spat. The big man faltered suddenly and seemed to sink to one knee. The plane roared—

He leaped away in a sprinter's start as the bomb winged for him. It exploded harmlessly where he had knelt. The plane roared by.

For minutes the three planes circled while their pilots signaled or conversed. Then they droned down to leeward, and swung into formation. They came upwind a bare forty feet above the wave-tips. As they crossed the leeward beach, they dipped still lower. They came roaring across the island, and there could be no dodging, because to run out of the line of fire of one would be to run



"O. K. He's got blood."

into the bullet-stream of another.

The little man made an indecorous gesture, and he and the big man threw themselves flat behind a small sand-hummock. And they were safe. The planes could not bring their guns to bear without diving, and to dive was to crash. Not even a bomb could be dropped. At such a distance an exploding bomb would destroy the plane that dropped it.

The three ships roared across the island and out the length of the sand-spit. They rose, and went off across the sea. They rejoined the limping, battered main flight of planes on its way back to its hidden base. The droning murmur of many distant motors faded into the booming, incessant sound of surf.

"IT WAS the shadows," said the big man. "It's late, and they're long. Our every footprint in the sand was black as ink. Our shelter showed up, and our footprints all around it. If we'd put up a sign saying where we were, it couldn't have been plainer."

The little man's eyes were very tired, and quite without hope, but he said absolutely, "The question is of grub. I was thinking of a kite to carry strings up and out to those gulls we saw. We could use hooks and bait. It would be entertaining to fish for gulls. They're the only things one could catch on a hook and line— Wait!"

He seemed to be stricken with silence. He struggled to frame a thought. The sun touched the western horizon. It sank below the world's edge in a brisk and business-like fashion. It was night. The big man said in cold anger, "Tomorrow will be bad! They're bound to get us. They've got a good reason—their base. And when the three pilots who worked on us just now go back with their story, it'll become a sporting event. There'll be a hunting-party come after us tomorrow. They'll probably make up a pool, and the one who bags us gets it. It ought to be quite sporting, from their standpoint. Just like bombing civilians. And civilians can't do much. I'd give a lot, though, even for a kite-balloon barrage."

The little man caught his breath.

"That's it!" he said very quietly. "That's it! How much cord in those flare-chutes?"

The big man stared.

"Cord? Chutes?"

"It's a capital offense to fly kites in Czechoslovakia," said the little man tensely. "The Czechs have brought down too many German planes with 'em. These Japs fly straight downwind or straight up. It makes sighting easier. If we've got enough cord, with the silk of the chutes and some stalks of brushwood—"

He was thinking as he talked. The bigger man fumbled with the idea. It wasn't really promising. Not really. But it was certainly better than nothing!

"Get 'em!" he ordered feverishly. I'll build a fire for light. Make it snappy!"

The little man ran off into the night. He came back with the two parachutes. He babbled. He measured the cords which had hung down from the rims of the silken disks to the now burned-out flares. They could be unraveled. The big man had a pocket-knife. He tramped off to the brushwood patch.

Some time during the night they cooked more of the bomb-killed fish and ate. But mostly they labored frenziedly. The little man babbled of balloon barrages and the kinetic energy inherent in one-pound coral blocks when struck at two hundred and fifty miles an hour. Toward morning they had finished a gigantic frame; taller than either one could reach. And only one part of one of the parachutes was needed to cover it. The big man lashed that cover in place while the little man cut the other parachute into very, very narrow strips, and braided them to keep them from raveling. They were made of good silk. He had a vast amount of cord when he was finished.

The kite flew well, but it veered consistently to the left. They hauled it down and trimmed it. Again. And again. Then it flew steadily, with an astonishing lift in the steady trade-wind. It was hard for the two men to handle. They took it to the windward end of the island, and there the little man knotted coral branches and bits of rock into the kite-string. They were not heavy, those lumps of stone, but they did not need to be. If anything hit them at two hundred and fifty miles an hour—

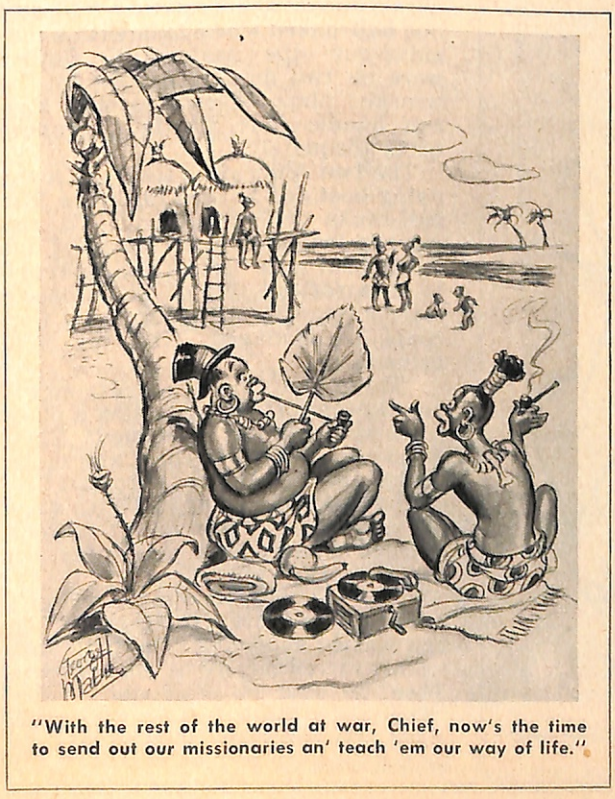
THERE was a third of the night left. They could have rested against the deadly hunt of the morrow. But instead they made a second kite. It was smaller, and they were in greater haste. It wabbled erratically when they tried it, but it stayed up. And then there was a vague pallor in the east. The little man's fingers actually trembled when he began to knot lumps of stone into its cord. But he was not nearly finished when there came the whining drone of a single distant motor.

"I'll handle—this one," panted the little man. "You—work the big one. If they use flares—"

The big man ran to where the first kite's cord was tied fast to a heavy timber cast ashore perhaps a hundred years since. He stood staring



"I slept in a draft last night."



"With the rest of the world at war, Chief, now's the time to send out our missionaries an' teach 'em our way of life."

grimly up at the sky. He seemed both puny and defiant in the darkness, while the surf boomed and the trade wind blew and the noise of an unseen plane drew nearer. That sound cut through the booming of the surf. It rose over the booming of the surf, drowning out the surf sound.

Then a flare blossomed, intolerably white and blinding, a bare three hundred feet above the waves. The sea seemed black, all but the surf, but the coral sand shone starkly white and the figure of the American was pitilessly clear.

THE plane dived for him. He moved. He moved again. There were tiny flashes among the stars. Machine-guns. He moved yet again —and the pilot swung to mow him down with bullets.

Then a lunatic triangular thing swooped insanely across the sky against a background of unilluminated sea. The pilot saw it in the tail of his eye. It seemed dashing upon him. He jerked his ship into a crazy zoom—and hit. He hit something, impossibly, in mid-air. There was an intolerable, shrieking "crack!" Something went wailing off into space while the motor of the plane went mad with a propeller-blade sheared off and vibration instantly trying to tear the whole aircraft to pieces.

The pilot must have gotten rattled. For a fatal second he tried to pull out of a stall by sheer motor-power with nothing for the motor to work on. Then the plane fell off on one wing, fluttered once, and crashed. Horribly.

Then there was silence, save for the surf,—and save for the racing footsteps of the two Americans running toward the wreck. The bigger man had a stick of driftwood for a club. The little man carried two lumps of coral rock for missiles. They plunged recklessly into the wreck. There was no conflict. Instead, a little later, there were strainings. They pulled a limp figure out of the cockpit. It did not move. Or breathe.

"They won't like it," said the big man grimly, "to think of a couple of unarmed castaways bringing down one of their ships! But if I can get a machine-gun out of a wing and mounted in time, and if they come low down and straight down wind as they have been doing, there'll be some more wreckage on this island before the day's over!"

The little man said quietly:

"But we can always knock 'em out of the sky. The important thing is to carry back our hunch about a base and its bearing from here. I think—"

He spoke succinctly. The big man reluctantly growled assent. But he worked feverishly to carry out the little man's idea. Already the first red edge of the rising sun was visible. Haste was called for. The little man worked as desperately.

When five pursuit-ships came downwind, later on, they were not in regular flight-formation. They flew like sportsmen on their way to a hunt on which they had made wagers. They swept above the island to spot their quarry. And they saw a wrecked Japanese plane. They saw a small figure in a Japanese flying-suit, lying on the ground a little distance from two huddled heaps of garments which were surely the castaways. The figure in the flying-suit waved weakly.

The sportsmen went back. Swiftly. To send help. It would be a ticklish job to land in the sheltered water in the island's lee, and it would be ticklish to take off again. Merely to make two castaways into prisoners of war, it was not worth while. But to rescue a Japanese pilot who—though injured in the crash of his plane—had killed the two castaways— That was another matter!

A flying-boat came sturdily downwind just over an hour later. It made the landing in the lee of the island. It beached on the coral sand. Its crew of four Japanese solicitously carried a litter to carry their injured countryman back to the flying-boat and to proper medical care.

But they did not do it. One little white man in a Japanese flying-suit with a Japanese automatic pistol, and one half-naked white man with a machine-gun—the castaways' clothes were on two dummy figures by the wrecked plane—even two such men can handle four startled Japanese quite adequately.

The two Americans took off in the flying-boat and headed for home. The fuel-tanks were almost full. The rising sun insignia on the wings of the flying-boat would make the approach to an American ship or island base a matter requiring discretion, but that could be managed. The big man grinned.

"Those four Japs are plenty sick!" he said comfortably. "Losing a plane to us and then left marooned! Their command won't love them any more. Think they'll commit hara-kiri?"

The little man struggled with a can of Japanese emergency rations, marked in unreadable characters. His mouth worked hungrily.

"No," said the little man. "They'll eat fish. Japs love fish. They—" The can opened suddenly. The little man looked incredulously at its contents. Then he said in a subdued voice, "They even use it for emergency rations. Do you want to split this can of fish with me?"



"If you don't like it, find the shaving cream tube you threw out."

Welcome Home, Soldier

(Continued from page 9)

smile. "You haven't kissed me, dear."

"Oh," Red said, and in an absent-minded way he kissed her.

He pushed past her and entered the store, trying not to limp. His thin freckled face was drawn and tired but he managed the old smile, the gay wave of the hand, when he said, "Hi, Ma. I hear Harry's home."

Because she was waiting on a customer, busily adding up a column of figures, Ma could only nod and wiggle her fingers at him.

He heard the sound of hammering and traced it to the back door in the kitchen. He saw Harry at work putting a new tread and riser in the back-porch steps. Home only today, Red thought, and he was already fixing the place up.

"Hello there, Harry!"

Hammering in his sure, methodical way, Harry said, "Hello, Red," without looking up. The absorbed expression on his face did not change nor did his hammering skip a beat.

Irresolute and fidgety, Red opened the screen door and went as far as the head of the steps. But he did not go down. A nervous, unresolved smile, kept plucking at his lips. He cleared his throat.

"Well—uh—sure good to see you home." He wanted desperately to go down and wring Harry's hand but he felt hollow and insecure, and the steady, implacable hammering did not serve to reassure him. He turned away, hoping that at the last moment Harry would say something, anything. But Harry got up off his knee and strolled out to the tool shed.

Red whipped open the screen door and almost bumped into Elsie. He stopped short and stared at her with hurt eyes. She stared back at him steadily, measuring him, holding him poised there for seconds by the dark, level intensity of her stare. He looked away, turned and went upstairs.

She followed him, watching his back all the way up and following him into their room and then watching his face as he stood unbuttoning his denim shirt.

"What'd he do, give you the cold shoulder?"

Red gave her a blunt look. "You were listening, weren't you?"

"Boy, you should have heard him give me a going-over before you came home. His own sister. Well, why'd you let him treat you like dirt? Why'd'n't you say something?"

Red grimaced. "Lay off, will you, Hon?"

Elsie turned and looked at herself in the mirror, smoothing her eyebrows. "I was thinking, Red. We should go out to Micky's. I could go for some steak and French fries."

"On his first night home?" Red demanded, his eyes popping.

"Well, what do you want to do, sit at supper with him downstairs with a long puss? I'm sure I don't. If you want to be a dope, okay. I'll go up to the drugstore and get a sandwich and a malted."

Red warned, "If you do that, Hon, Ma'll hit the roof."

"I don't care. I'm not going to sit around and look at his long puss all evening. If you don't want to go to Micky's—"

Red balled up his shirt and slammed it on the bed. "I'm not going to Micky's tonight, Elsie! I can't do it. Micky's means a lot of drinks and dancing and we don't get home till all hours and I got to get up five-thirty and I can't do it, Elsie."

She put her arm around his shoulder. "We'll come home early dear. We'll be home by ten."

"That's what we always say. And what happens? We meet the bunch, one more drink, then another, and before you know it I'm going strong and—" He shook his head. "No, Elsie. No! And I don't care how Harry feels, it ain't right to go out the first night he's home."

She took her arm away and put her lips together very precisely. "Suit yourself," she said. She took her purse out of the dresser drawer and went downstairs.

IT WAS some welcome-home supper, Ma reflected. The empty chair at the table was like something that for all its silence seemed to shout its unhappy presence. Ma couldn't keep her eyes away from it. Ordinarily a little bickering didn't bother her at all. It was natural. She could hold her own with the best of them. But tonight it was different. Besides, there wasn't even any bickering.

Harry ate with exaggerated slowness, chewing each morsel so thoroughly that she felt like screaming. Red ate in erratic fits and starts, with frequent gagging and much gulping of water. If she happened to catch his eye he gave her a pained grin. Harry didn't look up at all. This irritated Ma, but so did Red's attempts to grin.

In a way, she was impatient with all of them—Red and Harry and Elsie—and for this reason she could not make up her mind where to crack down. If Elsie were present, she might have been able to sound off generally; but with Elsie uptown sulking, it threw things out of balance.

It surprised her, really, when Harry spoke first.

Shoving aside his dessert dish, Harry said laconically, "What you working at, Red?"

Red started. "Oh. Oh, I run a kind of little electric truck, hauling stuff around the plant."

Harry bent over his pipe, filling it slowly. "How much do you make?"

"Well, with overtime, sometimes fifty a week. One week fifty-five. Then I pay four bucks a week to the bus. Eighteen miles to the plant and the bus makes the three shifts."

Harry lit up slowly. "How much do you pay Ma for room and board for you and Elsie?"

Ma swished her napkin. "Don't talk nonsense, Harry. Room and board! Who'd use the room if they didn't? And d'you think I'd get any kick out of cooking for myself? Besides, Red offered to. I wouldn't hear of it." She bounced



"Ow, he's mad! Now I'm gonna get it!"



"There's a moth in my suit, dear, and he looks better in it than I do."

on her chair. "I never heard such talk!"

Harry gazed down at his pipe. "I see," he said. "Free room and board and fifty bucks a week."

"I don't want to hear any more about it!" Ma shouted.

Harry was unperturbed. "This ain't between you and me, Ma. It's between me and Red."

Red was staring glassy-eyed at the table. His arms were twisted behind him, around the back of his chair, his hands clasped tightly together. The pallor of his face made his freckles stand out.

There was no anger in Harry's voice now. There was only a bleak, gloomy earnestness when he said, "You remember how we sat here, right here at this table, right after Pearl Harbor, and talked it over. I didn't tell anybody what to do. I asked you could I depend on you to stick here in the store and you said yes. You promised me faithful. Back in 1938 we didn't need an extra man here in the store. Now when a man's needed here, really needed—"

"I know, Harry," Red said, nodding. "I done wrong. I should've stuck here, like I promised."

"You make me sick, Mr. Red Peterson," Elsie said through the open window. A minute later she banged open the screen door, saying, "You make me sick and tired and disgusted. You not only let this brother of mine tell you off—you sit there and agree with him! What are you, a man or a mouse?"

"I—" Red began.

"Shut up!" Ma said, meaning Elsie. "If you want to listen to what people are saying, come in and listen; don't stand outside the window. Anything I hate is—"

"Look, please," Red said feebly.

"What's new about it?" Harry said. "She's had big ears ever since she was able to walk."

Ma struck the table. "You hold your tongue, Harry!"

"Hell," Red muttered, "I think I'll take a walk."

"Oh, no you don't; no you don't," Elsie said, blocking the doorway. "You stay right here, Red—that's what you do. We'll have it out. We'll *all* have it out. Who does this brother of mine think he is? Do you think I'm going to let him boss you around? If you haven't the guts to stand up for your rights, I have!"

"Listen to her," Harry said. "Rights. Listen to her."

"Yes, listen to me! You and your job you gave Red in 1938! You and your room and board! I'm tired of this around here. I want us to have a life of our own. Everybody's making big money; why shouldn't Red? We don't have to stay here. We can get a couple of rooms near Danerstown, near Red's work—"

"Elsie!" Ma warned.

"And we will!" Elsie shrieked. "That's just what we'll do!"

Ma swore, "Darn it, Elsie, I asked you not to mention that!"

"I begin to get it," Harry said softly, his eyes glittering. "I begin to see the nigger in the woodpile. It wasn't Red wanted to take the job. It was you egged him to it. Sure. Nearer the plant. Nearer them big Danerstown roadhouses. More dough. More fun. Not enough to do around here. Too dull. People getting killed all over the world. People with no roof over their heads. A war going on. And you want more dough, more fun. More *fun!*"

Elsie was shaking. She choked, "You're not going to run my life. You're not going to tell me and Red what to do."

"Look, Elsie," Red said. "Lay off."

She whirled on him. "Pack your things. We're packing and getting out."

"Elsie," Red said, "lay off."

Ma saw his thin, taut face, the blind white look in his eyes, which was worse than the blind dark look in Elsie's; and she saw his fist doubled, quivering, at his side, and the tight line of his lips. She knew, she was certain, that Elsie was, now, beyond all control. Ma strode resolutely across the room, lifted her hand and whacked the open palm across Elsie's cheek.

Elsie's mouth flew open. It remained open, voiceless, while her eyes bulged and were glazed with dismay.

"I've had just about enough," Ma declared.

Red was jittery. "Take it easy, Ma," he said.

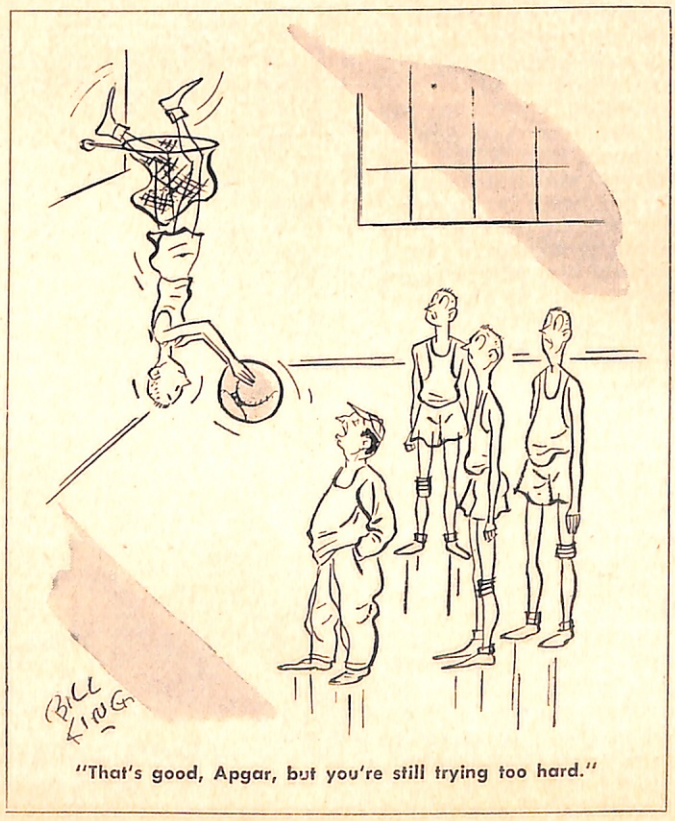
"I'll take it easy," Ma said. She wheeled and glared at him. "All I did was beat you to it."

Red grimaced and hid his hands behind his back and red shame flooded his face.

Elsie put her face in her hands and began to blubber. "Everybody hates me!" she cried, and stumbled up the stairs.

Ma strode heavy-footed into the darkened store and sat down behind the counter. Her fingers worked agitatedly in her lap. She knew poor Red wouldn't hurt a flea, but a man driven can stand so much, no more. And she'd rather sock Elsie herself than stand by and see Red do it. He'd feel terrible afterwards.

Red went out back and sat down



"That's good, Apgar, but you're still trying too hard."

on the porch steps. In a couple of minutes Harry came out, thrust his hands into his pockets and poked aimlessly about the yard. After a time he came back and sat down on the steps beside Red.

"Red," he said, "I'm sure sorry I heaped all the blame on you. I'm sorry I acted like I did."

"Gee, Harry . . ."

Harry held out his hand. "I apologize, Red."

Red gripped his hand hard. He didn't want to let go without saying something, but he didn't know what to say. Finally he said, "Well, Harry —well, welcome home, soldier."

"Thanks, Red," Harry said, and was silent. Presently he cleared his throat. "Red, would you mind being the executor of my estate?"

"Huhn? Estate?"

Harry nodded. "I'm going up to J. B. Offenbach's the lawyer tomorrow. I got those five acres Pa left me in my name in the Willow District and I got a couple hundred in the bank, and some other little things, and then my share in the business here. I don't want any mixup. I want everything fixed legal, so Ma don't get done out of anything. They say J. B. Offenbach fixes you up a first-class will."

Red was uneasy. "A will? What you mean, a will, Harry?"

"A will," Harry said. "I figure maybe this is the last chance I'll get to be home—well, for God knows how long. I figure we'll be off soon. You hear things around and then you get a kind of feeling. Where, I don't know. England or Africa or Australia—there's no telling. And if anything happens—well, you know, I want to make sure everything's right and legal here for Ma. It's been on my mind. So will you, Red?"

"Well, sure, Harry. But gee, kid, I don't like to hear you talk like that. Wills and things. Gee, you talk like you figure on getting kill—" He swallowed the word, gulping.

Harry said, "I guess nobody figures on getting killed. You figure maybe the next guy will. But the next guy figures maybe you will. So somebody's got to get it." He stood up, adding, "Don't tell Ma anything."

Red stood up too. "Harry," he said.

"What?"

"Harry, I'll just finish the week out at the plant. Then I'll come back here and work. You don't have to worry, Harry. I'll stick this time. What I'm doing at the plant anybody can do, a kid or an old man or a woman even."

Harry said thoughtfully, "You do what you want, Red. I got no say over you or Elsie." He was thinking that Elsie would have a lot to say about what Red did. She'd fight tooth and nail, maybe go away and lick her wounds for a while and then come back again, determined as ever. But he said, "It's up to you, Red."

"You'd feel much better, wouldn't you, Harry, if you knew I was here in the store with Ma?"

"Yes, I got to admit, Red, I would."

Red shook his head. "Honest, Harry, I don't know why I never looked at it the way I should. I mean, I thought of you having a swell time in camp, like you see in the pictures and hear on the radio. A high old time. Them movie actresses and radio stars doing their acts free for nothing. Honest, Harry, so help me, I just never pictured you going maybe a million miles away and maybe getting—well, hurt. I'll bet Elsie didn't, either."

They stood around a while, saying nothing, and then they went into the kitchen and began clearing off the table, scraping and stacking the dishes. But in a minute Ma sailed in from the store and waved her arms.

"Get out of my kitchen, you two. Go on. Shoosh!"

"Aw, let us, Ma," Harry said.

She began shoving and pushing. "Out. Get out, now. I'll not have you doing the dishes. Get! If I can't take care of—"

Elsie came down the stairs. Her hair was tousled, her lipstick smeared all over her mouth. She looked at no one. White-faced, she picked up a dishcloth and scrubbed the table with more grim vigor than Ma had ever seen her display before. Red followed every movement in a kind of childish wonder. Ma put her hands on her hips and looked slightly skeptical. Harry scratched his chin and tilted his head inquiringly toward Ma, then toward Red. But none of them moved. None uttered a word.

Suddenly Elsie stopped scrubbing. Her shoulders drooped. Braced on her arms, she raised her head slowly. Her eyes were round and wet and miserable and her underlip, though it was pinched between her teeth, quivered.

"Harry!" she bleated.

She stumbled across the room and flung her arms about him. He began to feel embarrassed. But Elsie hung on, shaking and snuffling and rubbing her head against his chest.

Harry began to squirm. "Sis! Sis, for Pete's sake—"

"Harry, Harry," she moaned.

"Doggone it," Harry said, almost panicky. He raised his voice: "Doggone it, Ma, what'll I do? Red! Hey, Red, come over and do something!"

Red's voice squeaked. "Who—*me?*"

Ma seemed the least rattled of anybody. She even folded her arms and grunted in secret satisfaction.

"I was mean to you, Harry," Elsie mumbled. "I was dirty mean to you. I didn't know. I didn't realize. And I was mean to Ma. And to Red I was mean, I was. He didn't want to leave the store. It was me goaded him."

"You don't want to take it so hard, Sis," Harry said, feeling mean himself now.

"I—I just didn't realize."

"I guess I was pretty high-handed, Elsie. I guess I shouldn't have said the things I did."

"You—you ain't mad at me, Harry?"

"'Course I ain't mad at you."

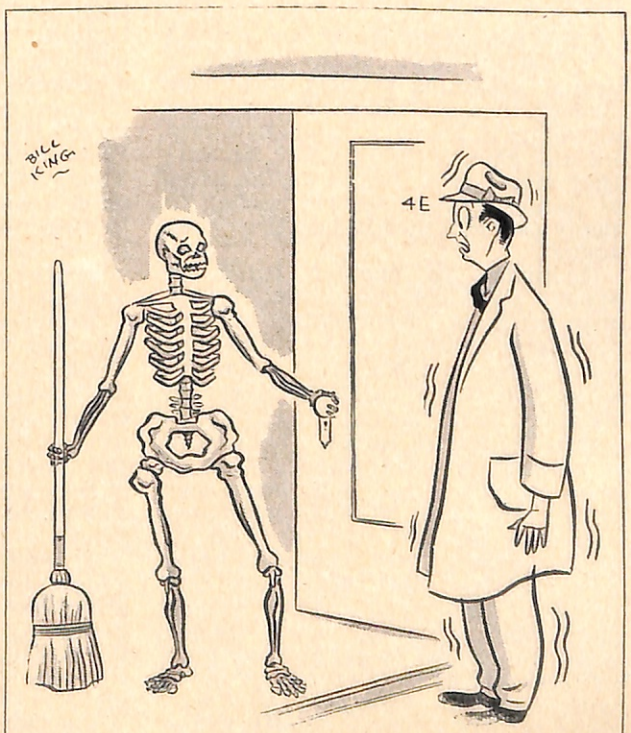
She laughed brokenly. "Gee, I was even flip when I first saw you. I guess I was covering up. I knew I'd done wrong but I wasn't going to admit it to anybody." She wiped her eyes. "It's pretty late, I know, but—but, anyhow, welcome home, soldier."

Harry squinted one eye at her. He almost chuckled, but caught himself. It was suddenly, magically, all very clear. Elsie was Elsie. She had listened at the upstairs window. She had overheard them talking on the back steps. Ever since she was a kid she had listened at doors and windows.

Ma slapped her hands together. "Well, I sure hated to whack you, Elsie dear, but it sure enough cleared the atmosphere."

This time Harry chuckled and Elsie gave him a tear-stained, sidelong look. But then he laughed outright and roughed up her hair and gave her a good-natured spank.

"I guess it did," he said. "I guess you plain hit the jackpot, Ma."



"Good evening, dear. Heavens, I'm tired. Worked myself to the bone today."

Plan for Plunder

(Continued from page 4)

Koreans were forced to take on Japanese names; they had to pay high fees for that "privilege".

Twenty years before the Japs committed their atrocities in Nanking, Hong Kong, Manila, they were "rehearsing" in Korea. Thousands of innocent natives were flogged, tortured, bayoneted without reason or trial, crippled for life, held in prisons.

After the initial period of savage brutality came the era of subtle "Japanization". Not satisfied with the present time, the Japs were "rewriting" Korea's four-thousand-year-old history. So called "hero" stories were banned as "seditious". Kipling's books were burned because in one of his stories "the elephant refuses to obey his new master". Jap schoolteachers were carrying swords and the children were severely punished for showing "any sign of Korean spirit". When a Korean Christian preacher in his sermon discussed the Kingdom of God, he was arrested on the spot. Didn't he know that there was only one Kingdom—that of Japan? All newspapers and magazines containing such words as "independence", "freedom", "revolution", were automatically blacklisted. Just as in Nazi-occupied Europe twenty years later, the intellectual leaders were systematically massacred, and higher education was forbidden. The people were being transformed into feeble-minded slaves.

AT A time when Hitler was writing "Mein Kampf" at the Landsberg prison, dreaming vaguely of a "New Order", the Japs had their New Order all set up in Korea. People in America and Europe didn't know, because they didn't care. Korea was an exotic name, a spot on the globe; to many people it still is just that, even today.

Contrary to popular belief, it wasn't the Japs who imitated German methods. As a matter of fact, the Nazis imitated (and out-did) the Japs. Korea is the proof. Shortly after the Nazis came to power in January, 1933, German "tourists" began to appear in Korea. They were a particular, extraordinary kind of tourists. They had long interviews with local Jap officials, witnessed atrocities, studied the "reaction of the Koreans". They wanted to know how the Japs had taken over, "by mutual agreement", the Korean shops and factories. They seemed much interested in Japan's methods of persecution. They wrote it all down with Prussian exactness and sent their reports to one Professor Haushofer of the Geopolitical Institute. Most of the former tourists are now holding important administrative jobs in the German-occupied countries.

Another parallel concerns the way the Japs got Korea, which seems strangely familiar in the light of later events. It was a classic case of treachery. Ever since the sixteenth century, when a Jap fleet under Hideyoshi was annihilated by Admiral Yi-Soon Sin's ironclad warships—a true "secret weapon", since the Koreans were the first to build those iron-clad vessels—there had been friction between Japan and Korea. The reason is obvious. The narrow Korean peninsula, a natural bridge between the Japanese islands and eastern Asia, is only 135 miles from the large Jap cities, an everlasting threat to Japan's flank. Jap strategists called Korea "the dagger pointed at the heart of Nippon".

So anxious were the Jap military to eliminate that "dagger" that they didn't mind fighting two major wars, against China and Russia, to get Korea. In 1894 they drove Chinese influence out of the "Hermit Kingdom", as the secluded country had been called; and the great chance came in 1904 when the Japs attacked Russia. They signed a "Treaty of Alliance" with the Korean Emperor Kwang Moo which permitted them to send their troops across the country; in return, they guaranteed "Korea's complete independence".

From there on, it's the old story—but, of course, it wasn't old then. After their victory against Russia the Japs simply "forgot" to remove their troops, and established a "protectorate" in Korea. By fifth-column methods, they brought in policemen and secret agents who were undermining public morale. The Japs forced the abdication of the Korean Emperor and made his imbecile son, Yoong Hi, "regent" of Korea. The outside world didn't pretend to care. In 1905, the United States withdrew its Minister from Korea—the first government to do so—thus silently appeasing Japan.

Twenty-eight years later, history repeated itself. Hitler made the Treaty of Munich; then he "forgot" all about the treaty and sent his troops into Czechoslovakia. Then came—just as in the case of Korea—the annexation of the "protectorate" of Bohemia-Moravia. Again the outside world gave its stamp of appeasement.

Apart from Korea's strategic and geographic significance, there is another reason for the Jap attitude; a psychological reason. Koreans call it "the Japanese obsession"—a nationwide Japanese inferiority complex.

The Korean civilization happens to be much older than that of Japan. Korean rulers often sent cultural missions to "civilize the barbarian dwarves of Japan", teaching them silkworm culture and paper-making. The "Hermit Kingdom" had a higher literacy than China—not to mention Japan—thanks to a phonetic alphabet of eleven vowels and fourteen consonants which democratized education and made Korean a comparatively easy-to-learn language. In New York's National History Museum there are fifty-three pieces of movable cast metal type, invented in Korea in 1406, fifty years before Gutenberg. In Washington's Congressional Library is a copy of the Korean 102-volume encyclopedia. Korea was probably the only country on earth where writers of poetry were held in higher esteem than millionaires or born aristocrats.

Yet today, after thirty-seven years of continuous oppression, the once peace-loving, poetry-reading, pastoral Koreans have become the most redoubtable and courageous terrorists of all Jap-conquered nations. Their underground activities have become one of Japan's gravest internal problems.

KOREA'S underground movement was born as early as 1919; at two o'clock in the afternoon of March 1st, as a matter of accuracy. The war was won and Wilson's Fourteen Points promised self-determination to all small peoples. One of Korea's leaders, Dr. Syngaman Rhee, had been a student of Wilson at Princeton University, the first Korean to receive the Ph.D. degree in the United States. Dr. Rhee and other Korean leaders organized a peaceful, unarmed mass demonstration, which, they hoped, would impress the Versailles Peace Conference. Men, women and children were parading banners through the streets of Seoul, shouting *"Mansei!"* (Korea Forever!) Thirty-three Koreans, representing the intellectual leadership of the country, signed a Declaration of Independence, modelled after the American Declaration, "in the month of March, in the 4,252nd year of the Korean Empire". Then they telephoned their statement and their names to the Jap police and waited to be arrested, so that no one else would suffer.

The Japs ran berserk; Japanese soldiers fired into the unarmed crowds; mounted police killed men and women with lead pipe and iron hooks; children were flogged and tortured; churches, where people had taken refuge, were set on fire, and when the panicky people ran out, they were mowed down unmercifully with machine guns. Fifty-thousand people were said to be killed within a few days; three hundred thousand were sent to prison camps: whole towns were levelled to the ground.

All that happened twenty-three years before Lidice.

The Koreans haven't forgotten the massacre of 1919; they haven't forgotten another massacre during the Tokyo earthquake of 1923, when many thousands of Koreans were murdered in the streets of Japan's cities because they were accused of "poisoning the wells of Tokyo"—an accusation which has never been proved. Since then, the Koreans have learned to fight in secrecy. The delegates of the thirteen provinces secretly met in Seoul and elected Dr. Rhee, then in America, as first President of the Republic of Korea. The "Provisional Republic" still exists. Dr. Syngman Rhee is heading the Korean Commission in Washington, D. C., seeking diplomatic recognition.

Through all those years of oppression, the members of the Korean underground organizations have done a formidable job. The Yi Nul Tan had branches in Peking, Tientsin and Manchuria, and twelve bomb-producing arsenals in Shanghai. Up to 1937, more than three hundred cases of terrorism were recorded. A Korean patriot killed the Jap Premier Takahasshi Hara in 1921. In January, 1932, Lee Bong Chang almost blew up Emperor Hirohito, just outside the gate of Tokyo's Imperial Palace. The bomb landed in the car immediately following the Emperor's. Four months later another Korean terrorist, Yoon-Bong Kil, threw a bomb at the grandstand during the Shanghai "Victory Parade". General Shirakawa, Commander of the Jap forces in China, was killed; among the wounded Jap big-shots was Vice-Admiral Kichisaburo Nomura, Japan's last pre-war Ambassador to the United States, who lost his right eye in the explosion. "The only terrorists that we Japanese are afraid of, are the Koreans," ex-Foreign Minister Matsuoka once told a friend in Geneva. Korea had become Japan's nightmare.

Another Korean secret society, Che K'e Tan, was operating from Siberia and Manchuria; the members were experts in the methods of knifing. A third group specialized in guerrilla activities. Operating from the Chien-Tao district—now a separate province of "Manchukuo", between the frontiers of Siberia and Korea—they attacked Jap outposts, burned Army barracks, blew up bridges, shot officers and made life generally uncomfortable for the Jap armies of occupation. Things got so bad in and around Korea that the Jap police advised Japanese officials to stay away. The Jap Governor-General, Admiral Jiro Minami, was unable to restore order although he was having half a million regular troops, police, spies and quislings spread all over the country. The Admiral is a brutal dictator, responsible only to the Emperor which makes him master over death and life in Korea. The Japs estimate the number of spies, saboteurs, guerrillas and terrorists organized in Korea's secret societies as "far above 250,000". Koreans in exile, without giving any detailed information, assert that this figure is "rather conservative".

There are quislings and traitors, as everywhere. They work as smugglers in Occupied China and are encouraged by the Japs to sell narcotics in Korea. But most of the 25,000,000 Koreans have remained bitter and unreconciled Jap-haters. There isn't a person or a single family in Korea who hasn't suffered from Japanese atrocity, though persecution might be disguised under a "legal pretext".

"After what the Japanese did to us, even the Apostles would become terrorists", a dignified old Korean told me in Seoul in 1940 when I went there as a correspondent for Swiss papers. The old man—I'll call him Mr. Kim—was a Christian; most Koreans are. He was making a poor living as a drawer of water but I noticed that he was wearing the *pak-sa,* a topper of black horse hair which only scholars and poets are permitted to wear. Once he had owned a beautiful home, a farm, two copper mines in the north. The Jap army "requisitioned" his house and the farm. Agents of the Sumimoto concern seized the mines. When Mr. Kim refused to sign the farcical "bill of sale", the Japs indicated that an "accident" might happen to his only son Pak who wanted to be a doctor and had been forced to study at Tokyo University. After that, there was nothing but to sign, making the transfer "strictly legal".

I asked him what happened to his son.

"I haven't heard from him for years. He is working for Korea's independence, in exile."

Later I heard that old Mr. Kim was also working for Korea, as a member of a secret organization.

The Japs got everything by "legal" means, the mines and railroads and shipping lines, the banks and industries and four-fifths of the arable land. Looting has become a favorite pastime of Jap officials who need a little extra money. The department stores and beautiful shops on Seoul's Shoro Dori Street have been taken over by Jap "supervisors" while their legitimate Korean owners are pulling water-carts, peddling vegetables, cleaning the docks.

Eighty-five percent of all Koreans were farmers and small landowners when the Japs moved in. Now they have become slaves. There was Li-Yoong. He owned three fields and grew enough wheat, rice, barley, soy bean for his family. Today they are starving; two of his children have died from undernourishment. Lo-Yoong is still working on the same farm but it isn't his farm any more. He is laboring as a tenant—better call it, "slave"—for the rich absentee Jap landowner Arata who "bought" Li-Yoong's farm when heavy taxes, high water rates and 80 percent interest rates on loans got the Korean hopelessly involved in debt. Now Li-Yoong's yearly cash income is 98 yen ($20); his accumulated debts amount to 134 yen.

Li-Yoong's neighbor, Kim Dhung, was forced to sell his farm when a Japanese bought the land at the headwater of the stream and diverted the flow from Kim's farm. As easy as that, and strictly legal. Like their Nazi brethren, the Japs have a strange mania for legalizing plunder.

The invention of hunger as a weapon of oppression is generally credited to the Nazis who used starvation methods to break the spirit of the Poles, Greeks, Yugoslavs. Actually, it was the Japs who introduced starvation in Korea, as early as 1912, to "break" the Korean spirit of resistance. The annual rice consumption per person was reduced from 220 to 133 pounds. No farmer is permitted to eat his own rice. Korean rice being of high quality, it is all shipped to Japan. Every Spring a wave of famine sweeps the country.

"So sorry," the Japs say. "Japanese hungry too. Here is a new list of edible roots and weeds, worked out by honorable Japanese scientists. Try them, please."

A. Yamagada, a former Governor-General of Korea, explained the Jap system of colonization in one sentence. "Koreans should become hewers of wood and slaves. Everything beyond that is dangerous."

Nine years later Dr. Hans Frank, Governor-General of Poland, said almost the same words of the Reich's intentions in the occupied countries. The Nazis are following the Jap blueprint of oppression.

In 1937, Kakichi Kawarada, then Minister for Home Affairs in the Hayashi Cabinet, had a wonderful idea. The occupation of northeastern Asia was under way; the war against the United States and Britain was inevitable, merely a matter of time. War would mean the bombing of Japan's overcrowded, inflammable cardboard cities. Wouldn't it be wise to move the explosive powder and chemical factories from Japan's industrial areas into the wooded, remote terrain of Korea where forced labor would cost next to nothing? That might be killing two birds with one stone.

The plan was approved with some modification and vital Nipponese war plants were transferred to Korea. In Eian and Agochi, synthetic oil and gasoline plants were built; chemical factories and explosive plants were erected in Fusan and Chinnampo. Koreans were commandeered to work in the factories.

Had Mr. Kawarada known what was going to happen, he would have committed hara-kiri on the spot. The 500,000 Korean workers were form-

(Continued on page 38)

Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 17)

297, and visiting delegations of Elks from Galena, Ill., Platteville and Beloit, Wis., and Davenport, Waterloo, Cedar Rapids, Marshalltown, Charles City and Decorah, Ia., Mr. Lonergan called upon all Elks to unite with other agencies in the fight against juvenile delinquency. He also reviewed some of the activities of the Elks War Commission and the Elks National Foundation Trustees, and congratulated the officers of No. 297 on their especially fine ritualistic work in the initiation of the "On to Victory" Class, a feature of the program prepared for his official visit.

The ceremonies were witnessed by several hundred members of the Order. Among them were many Exalted Rulers and other lodge officers and some of the most prominent Elk leaders in the State. Robert Hardin, of Waterloo Lodge, Pres. of the Ia. State Elks Assn., State Treasurer Arthur P. Lee, Marshalltown, Past Pres. Edward H. Kane, Cedar Rapids, W. F. Penaluna, of Waterloo Lodge, D.D. for the Iowa Northeast District, Arthur A. Meyer, E.R. of No. 297, P.D.D. Louis B. Bray, of Dubuque Lodge, Chairman of Arrangements for the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit, and the Grand Exalted Ruler's brother, the Rev. Joseph Lonergan, of Menominee, Ill., were present. A ceremony, in which the Grand Exalted Ruler was the central figure, took place shortly after his arrival in Dubuque. Escorted to Linwood Cemetery, Mr. Lonergan placed a floral wreath on the grave of the Reverend Dr. John Dysart, former rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, who, after many years of service as Grand Chaplain of the Order, was given the title of Grand Chaplain Emeritus.

The Grand Exalted Ruler was a guest of **FARGO, N. D., LODGE, NO. 260,** during its Golden Jubilee celebration. On Monday, November 15, when the "On to Victory" Class of more than 60 candidates was initiated, Mr. Lonergan delivered a forceful address, calling for vigorous efforts to preserve the ideals of Americanism. He also reported on the progress made by the North Dakota lodges and praised the State Elks Crippled Children's Committee for its outstanding work. Among the speakers were Grand Chaplain the Reverend Father P. H. McGeough, of Valley City Lodge, Frank Milhollan, of Bismarck, Pres. of the N. D. State Elks Assn., District Deputy T. J. McGrath, of Minot, and Past State President Sam Stern, P.E.R. of Fargo Lodge and former member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge. George R. Merritt, of St. Paul, the only living charter member of Fargo Lodge, was an honored guest.

While in Fargo, Mr. Lonergan exchanged greetings with Morley E. MacKenzie, of Toronto, Imperial Potentate of the Order of the Mystic Shrine, at a Sunday afternoon reception held in the home of Mr. Stern. Other prominent Elks present were Governor John Moses, of Mandan Lodge, former Governor L. B. Hanna, of Fargo Lodge, President Emeritus of the State Association, and Crawford T. Hawkins, Exalted Ruler of No. 260.

A hearty welcome was given Grand Exalted Ruler Lonergan and Grand Chaplain McGeough when they arrived at Minot, N. D., on November 17. Assembled in the lodge rooms for the meeting and the initiation of an "On to Victory" Class were Exalted Ruler Walter B. Hankla, his officers and a large turnout of members of **MINOT LODGE NO. 1089,** among whom were P.E.R.'s T. J. McGrath, D.D., and Attorney J. J. Coyle, Vice-Pres. of the N. D. State Elks Assn. Also present was a delegation from **WILLISTON, N. D., LODGE, NO. 1214,** headed by E.R. Harry B. Rawitscher. Earnest attention was given Mr. Lonergan's address in which he outlined the Order's wartime program, point by point, stressing the fact that war service ranks first in all lodge activities.

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 23)

LANCASTER, CALIF. Lancaster Lodge No. 1625 celebrated its fourth anniversary on October 5, 1943, by burning the mortgage on its fine new building. At 1:00 p.m. members of the lodge held Open House for visiting Elks, approximately 400, who came from all parts of Southern California.

The evening ceremonies were impressive. The deed to the building and the adjoining property was presented to Charles Padias, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, by Art Stege, President of the Antelope Valley Elks Building Association. P.D.D. Raymond C. Crowell, of Pasadena Lodge, who officiated at the institution of No. 1625, was one of the guests of honor. Among the many dignitaries of the Order who were introduced to the assemblage by Mr. Crowell, was Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon who congratulated the lodge upon the completion of its building program in less than four years. During the evening, tribute was paid those members of Lancaster Lodge who are serving in the Nation's Armed Forces, sixty-eight in number.

POTTSTOWN, PA. The third annual reunion of the Houston Club, composed of members of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware lodges who traveled to the Grand Lodge Convention at Houston, Tex., in 1940 on the same special train, was held recently in the home of Pottstown Lodge No. 814. The opening of the two-day reunion was preceded on the previous evening by the initiation of the Boyertown Class of 30 candidates at a meeting of Pottstown Lodge. The class was so named because many of the initiates are residents of Boyertown. The ritualistic work was in charge of Lyndhurst, N. J., Lodge, No. 1505, winner of the national ritualistic contest held last July at Boston. The officiating team was headed by P.E.R. William F. Gallagher. J. G. Thumm, of Shenandoah Lodge, Inner Guard of the Pa. State Elks Assn., gave a talk especially appropriate to the occasion.

Members of the Club visited the Valley Forge General Hospital at Phoenixville on the following afternoon. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch was given a special invitation to be present as the principal speaker and guest of honor.

Notice Regarding Applications for Residence At Elks National Home

The Board of Grand Trustees reports that there are several rooms at the Elks National Home awaiting applications from members qualified for admission. Applications will be considered in the order in which received.

For full information, write Robert A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.

CHIPPEWA FALLS, WIS. The Navy Recruiting and Induction Service in the Chippewa Falls area was given splendid assistance in the enlistment of Seabees by the Elks' Committee of Chippewa Falls Lodge No. 1326. One of the most active members of the Committee was E.R. George P. Cardinal, Jr., who, himself, submitted his application, was accepted on the basis of his letters of work reference, and was given the rate of Chief Machinist's Mate. His experience as a machinist for more than 13 years, and as a foreman of machine shops, made him an ideal candidate. Proud of the fact that its chief officer had answered the Nation's call and that he had enlisted in that branch of the Service for which the Committee had obtained so many other recruits, the lodge gave him a real Elk send-off.

Chippewa Falls Lodge takes pride in another fact having to do with the war effort. Eighteen per cent of the membership is serving in the U. S. Armed Forces.

MERCED, CALIF. Past Exalted Ruler Joseph Gaestel, of Merced Lodge No. 1240, former Vice-Pres. of the Calif. State Elks Assn., died of a heart attack, while driving his car, on October 1, 1943. At the time of his death, Mr. Gaestel was serving as District Deputy for the California East Central District. He had been apparently in excellent health. Attendants at the hospital, where the body was taken, said that he was probably dead before his car leaped a curb, crossed a vacant lot and crashed into a dwelling.

Mr. Gaestel was born in San Francisco on February 28, 1892. In the first World War he enlisted and was sent overseas, where he served for 18 months in the Army Medical Corps. For a time he was Service Manager of the San Francisco branch, in charge of service in 47 counties, for the Ford Motor Company. In 1928 he came to Merced and purchased the local Ford agency which he operated until his death, at which time he was also Director of the Ground Observation Corps of the Aircraft Warning Service.

HARRISBURG, ILL. One of the most enjoyable meetings held by Harrisburg Lodge No. 1058, before the close of the year, was featured by an address by Gordon Franklin, of Marion Lodge No. 800, District Deputy for the Illinois South District. Mr. Franklin paid his official visit to the lodge on that occasion, accompanied by Albert W. Jeffreys, of Herrin, Past Pres. of the Ill. State Elks Assn. Mr. Jeffreys was also a speaker.

DALLAS, TEX. Two hundred and fifty Dallas Elks and their ladies, seated at flower-decked dinner tables in the club rooms of the lodge home, participated recently in a testimonial affair given by Dallas Lodge No. 71 in honor of its oldest living member in point of membership, Colonel Hunter A. Craycroft. Colonel Craycroft is a Past Exalted Ruler of No. 71 and a former Grand Trustee. Many other veteran members, including P.E.R.'s George W. Loudermilk, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, and Thomas B. Love, were among those present.

Because of illness, Colonel Craycroft could not attend the dinner, but a telephone placed at his beside enabled him to hear the speakers, all of whom expressed their esteem and admiration and told of his devotion to the principles of the Order. A gift from the lodge, a beautiful silver loving cup, presented by E.R. Frank Holaday, Past Pres. of the Tex. State Elks Assn., was accepted for Colonel Craycroft by his daughter, Mrs. Dorothy Craycroft Bell. Past Exalted Ruler H. H. Williams, W. S. Bramlett, Secretary of the Board of Trustees, Mr. Love and Mr. Loudermilk, were speakers.

JACKSON, MICH. A star-studded victory quilt, to be sold and the proceeds to be used for American Red Cross and other wartime work, has been completed by a group of Elks' ladies at Jackson. The idea was suggested to the President of the Ladies Activity Club, Mrs. Paddock, wife of District Deputy Clay Paddock, Past Exalted Ruler of Jackson Lodge No. 113, by Miss Mary-Jessma Wilson, former Hollywood reporter on W45D, frequency modulation station of the *Detroit News*.

The victory quilt is a beautiful piece of handiwork. Appliquéd on the background in a symmetrical design are 98 stars, each bearing the autograph of a Hollywood star. The ladies began to cut stars for the quilt last March. Miss Wilson wrote the film players, outlining the plan and requesting their autographs. All responded, and many sent personal messages expressing the hope that through the sale of the quilt a large sum of money would be raised. Each autograph has been beautifully embroidered in red thread.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA. The 52 members of the "Dick Parker Class" were initiated recently by Birmingham Lodge No. 79 in honor of D. F. Parker, Chairman of the Board of Trustees. Mr. Parker, since he became an Elk in 1935, has brought 180 new members into the lodge, including 26 members of the class named for him. He also actuated the move to clear the debt on the lodge home which is valued at approximately $150,000.

The forty-one year-old mortgage document was burned by Mr. Parker during the initiatory meeting. More than nine hundred members witnessed the ceremonies.

(Continued on page 50)

Movie Hero? No-no—it's his

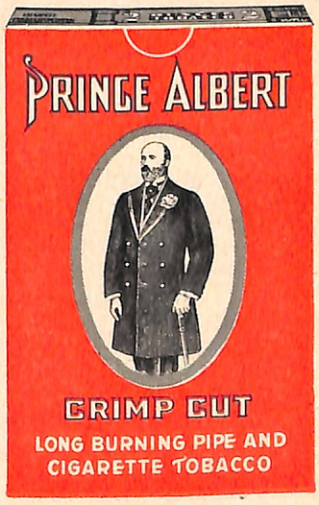
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Plan for Plunder

(Continued from page 35)

ing the world's biggest sabotage unit. Slaving twelve hours a day, for half a yen (13 cents), they have become well-organized terrorists. In spite of the airtight Jap censorship, "incidents" have become known. Fires break out in magnesium plants; power works are being crippled; gasoline tanks are blasted. At Chemulpo Bay, explosions blasted the dock installations as Jap fleet units arrived for repairs.

THE sabotage movements spread over to Japan proper where in 1937 (last year of available statistics) 300,000 Koreans were working in war industries. Chinese and neutral sources report that sabotage in the Osaka main power plant, fires in Kobe dockyards, railroad wreckings, and "disturbances" in Mitsubishi's Nagoya plane factory have been caused by Koreans. German and Italian radio stations have blamed the Koreans for their "lack of understanding and cooperation".

Four days after Pearl Harbor, the Provisional Government of Korea under Dr. Syngman Rhee, from Washington formally declared war on Japan and exhorted all Koreans everywhere to commit every act of sabotage and fight against the common enemy, Japan. "To fight for America is to fight for Korea!"

That was the first time that most Americans heard of Korea as an ally. The Department of Justice ruled that Koreans need not register as enemy aliens. President Roosevelt, in his radio speech of May 17, 1942, mentioned the people of Korea among our Allies.

It seems, however, that the strategic possibilities of Korea as a future ally are not yet fully appreciated. Here are the facts: thirty-five minutes by heavy bomber from Japan's industrial areas there is a natural aircraft-carrier, an island the size of Kansas, with excellent landlocked harbors, hidden airfields, and a "crew" of 23,000,000 people who are eager to assist us in the fight against Nippon. The Japs made Korea a stepping-stone on their way to the conquest of Manchuria, China, the rest of East Asia; in the opposite direction the Korean peninsula is an ideal invasion gangway to Japan. The Japs are afraid of Vladivostok and the "bomb-Tokyo" airfields in China. From Vladivostok it is 600 miles to the industrial centers of Japan; from the Chinese airfields it is 500 miles. But from the Korean shore to Japan it's only 135 miles! Should the Japs be driven out of Korea, their armies in Manchuria and China would be cut off, isolated.

And there is more to it. Korea has become indispensable to Japan's war effort. They call Korea their "rice-bowl" and "granary"; they need Korea's important deposits of coal, iron ore and minerals. They must keep Korea to keep their factories running.

The Japs are said to have close to a million soldiers poised along the Siberian border. In the northwestern part of Korea there is the important strategic area of Raishin. Mitsubishi bombers and Zeros are standing on the runways of Raishin's airfields, ready to take off against Vladivostok, should there be any suspicious action. And the efficiency of the Jap soldiers is not increased by the uneasy feeling of having 23,000,000 enemies in the rear who are merely waiting for an opportunity to stab Japan in the back. The Japs had a foretaste of what might happen when news of the first Jap reverses in the Pacific oozed through and Korean patriots went busy. Planes and hangars were blasted, Navy storehouses burned down, tankers were dynamited. Between February 2 and 7, 1942, more than 3,000 Koreans were killed; many were jailed.

KOREA'S borders have been closed; no one is permitted to enter or leave the country but night after night young Koreans slip across the mine-fields of the Korean-Soviet border, risk their life swimming through the ice-cold rivers, dodging Jap bullets. One-tenth of all Koreans now live outside their homeland; most of them are well-organized fighters. The Soviet Far Eastern Army now has a complete Korean Army corps of 40,000 men. In China is the Korean Volunteer Corps under the hero Kim Yak-san, whom Jap newspapers call "Public Enemy No. 1". The Volunteers are well-trained guerrillas and espionage experts. Speaking the Japanese language and familiar with Jap psychology, they can easily pass for Japanese. Under the very eyes of the Jap patrols, the Volunteers slip in and out of Korea, liaison officers between Korea and the outside world. And there is the Korean Independence Army in China under General Lee Chung-chen, fighting side by side with the Chinese forces.

The people of Korea never gave up the secret hope that America would come to their help. They remember the Treaty of Seoul, signed in 1882 by Commodore Shufeldt, on behalf of the U. S. Government, "If other powers deal unjustly or oppressively with either government, the other will exert their good offices . . ." Americans engineers built Korea's first railroad, mine, waterworks, power plants; American missionaries spread the American concept of freedom and democracy among the people of Korea. When the United States declared war on Japan, a wave of joy swept Korea.

Most of the 10,000 Koreans in the United States and Hawaii are supporting the Provisional Government, with missions in Chungking and Washington, offices in Honolulu, Los Angeles, Chicago, Mexico City and Havana. There is a special faction around Kilso Haan's Sin-Korean People's League. Koreans in exile raise funds, keep in touch with the home front, work as translators and in radio-listening posts. All of them hope that after the war the independence and freedom of their homeland will be reestablished. For the time being, they ask that our Army Air Force form squadrons of Korean-Americans; that there be some lend-lease provision made to supply the Korean underground with guns, bombs, ammunition.

"Given guns and dynamite, organized from bases in China and India and led by their own leaders, fifty Korean guerrillas can keep a thousand Japanese immobilized," the Korean author Henry Chung writes. "The supply routes in Korea are vital to Japanese operations. A thousand determined Koreans, well-outfitted and scattered in small bands, could subject the whole service of supply to constant interruption. Ten thousand could throw it into irremediable chaos."

AFTER thirty-seven years of life under Jap rule, Koreans know what it means to live in Japan's "co-prosperity sphere". Koreans have gone to all countries in Japan-occupied Asia to warn the people of the Indies, Burma, Malaya, the Philippines against any veiled cooperation. Korea should become an object lesson to people everywhere in the East who are threatened by Jap aggression. There can't be any cooperation with the Japs. There will be a short period of subtle promises, followed by brute force and terror.

The Koreans have gone through thirty-seven years of terror but their spirit is unbroken. The bitterest Jap-haters of them all, they are waiting for the all-out attack against Japan, anxious to retaliate and stab their oppressors in the back and help spread revolt from Korea across the narrow Japan Sea into Nippon proper. Their country was the stage for Japan's dress rehearsal of conquest; a blueprint for Hitler's New Order in Europe. Korea had known all the fiendish tortures of totalitarian atrocity long before the same fate happened to the Czech, Poles, Dutch, Belgians, Norwegians, French, Yugoslavs, Greeks, and to the peoples of eastern Asia. The Koreans are asking only what all the other United Nations are asking for: to fight, side by side with their allies; and to be free, when the peace is made.

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Oh, My Poor Invincibles!

(Continued from page 12)

"It's just common sense," he maintained, "and I'll tell you why. Three years ago I had a swell team at Boston College. We had won nine straight and the last game remaining on the schedule was the big one with Holy Cross. Nobody gave Holy Cross a look-in. That team had lost four games and tied one in nine starts.

"The night before the game we had a big pep rally on the campus and all the orators in the country were there telling the players and the students what we were going to do the next day. Their adjectives and their confidence were contagious. I got up and told everyone to bet their shirts on us, that we couldn't miss. So we played the game and we buried them under a 7-0 score—with the aid of a lucky break. Since that time, I've made up my mind I'll never say the things people want to hear."

One of the most stunning upsets in recent years might have been averted if Leahy had told the story of Denny Myers, his successor at Boston College. In 1942, when Bee Cee was suspect of having the greatest college team of all time, Myers was invited to address a group of sportswriters in New York two days after his powerhouse had murdered Fordham by a total and cumulative score of 56-6. Myers, feeling his oats and all the other nutritive grains of the field, responded with a lyrical send-off of his invincibles remotely approached in emotional fervor only by a ward-heeler nominating a saloon-keeper for public office.

According to Myers, each of his gladiators had the physique of Gargantua and the mentality of a Nobel Prize winner. He admitted it was a magnificent team. He dwelt with loving care upon the descriptive details of the manner in which his heroes maimed and massacred—in a thoroughly legitimate, clean manner, you understand—the opposition. With becoming modesty, he hinted that it would be a waste of time and health for any team to show up for a game with his stalwarts.

Again came the game with Holy Cross, once again beaten four times and tied once. Utter confusion and stark disbelief swept the country when the score of the game was printed in the newspapers and broadcast by radio.

Holy Cross defeated, murdered, disemboweled and embarrassed Boston College, 55-12. It was, unquestionably, the most astonishing turnabout in modern times and a score which, for mounting magnitude, was equalled only by the Chicago Bears' 73-0 rout of the Washington Redskins for the professional championship in 1940.

That classic case of manslaughter and mayhem similarly was inspired by brash popping-off on the part of a non-combatant. Three weeks before the championship playoff, the Bears and Redskins met in a regularly scheduled game and the 'Skins won it, 7-3. On the very last play of the contest, a Bear back was brought to earth with his and the ball's nose six long inches from the goal-line. The Bears, pretty disgruntled, claimed the ball had been pushed over for a touchdown and, besides, they had not been given the best of it by the official timekeeper.

Mr. George Preston Marshall, the laundry tycoon and owner of the team that is sometimes known as Washing-done, pooh-poohed these allegations and intimated that the Bears, the bums, were shot with luck to have made the game as close as it was. He suggested that the Bears would go to an awful lot of trouble to get a real good shellacking if they had the temerity to win in the Western Division and thereby qualify for the playoff. The sequel is history.

The long, sad face and the mournful prediction are cultivated by coaches for two reasons: (1) The crying-towel act tends to temper disappointment among the team's followers when defeat comes, as it must to all teams; the coach, by professing to know what was going to happen all the time, establishes himself as a shrewd, astute gent. (2) The technique is like a shield that can be dropped automatically over a low license plate when there is an accident. Everyone likes to have a low number on his car, but it can be identified too easily by bystanders when something goes wrong. The coach who makes a practice of bemoaning the fate that is in store for his poor invincibles is throwing up an effective camouflage in the event of an upset.

The founder of the breast-beating school and the most indefatigable moaner of all time was Gilmour Dobie, who reveled in the sobriquet of Gloomy Gil. Dobie still holds the all-time record for undefeated teams; he went through ten successive seasons before he lost a game and he sobbed as though his heart was busting throughout. Like so many coaches who wrap themselves in a transparent mantle of despair, Dobie was a perfectionist whose entire day was spoiled if one mistake was made in a game his team won, 84-0.

Football is the most fertile field for the professional pessimist, although we are grieved to report that bleak despondency is beginning to clutter up the one-time brash, uninhibited game of baseball. Once upon a time the fellow who had the best team in the league was proud to come right out and say so and make a verbal muscle at anyone who disputed his claim. Now a superstition that is practically a tradition makes it obligatory for a manager to throw a fit and the waterbucket when anyone hints that a five-game lead is a pretty safe margin with only two games remaining on the schedule.

Baseball men looked apprehensively at the sky for the lightning bolt that would strike down Ed Barrow, President of the Yankees, when he announced early in September that World Series tickets were going on sale two weeks before the pennant could be clinched mathematically. Joe McCarthy swooned at the thought of the open invitation to banshees and evil spirits to do their dirty work. Soothsayers bethought themselves of the Pirates of 1938, who appeared to have the pennant wrapped up until extra seats and a new press-box were erected to accommodate World Series patrons. The Pirates lost all the gold and glory to the Cubs the day before the season closed. They remembered the collapse of the Giants in 1934, the Cardinals in '35, the Indians in '40 and the Dodgers in '42. While the witch-doctors waited for the earth to swallow the Yankees, the brewers' big horses continued on irresistibly to win the pennant and the World Series from here to St. Swithin's Day.

There is little doubt that the fellow who puts on a dreary song and dance, strictly as a gag, actually comes to believe himself with constant repetition of the performance. With conviction comes greater artistry in simulating the hollow echoes of the Voice of Doom. He finally reaches the point where he dare not trust himself with anything but an electric razor for fear that he will cut his throat.

The tearful trend is just a fad, however, that soon will be drowned in a tidal wave of sympathy for the poor guy who has a winner. Propaganda can sell any half-baked idea to the public, as Shickelgruber has demonstrated. The customers, depressed by the sad tales of woe narrated by the coaches, actually will believe them and stay away from the arena rather than watch the promised tragedy.

When that happens, the coaches will change their tactics quicker than a chameleon trapped on a Scotch plaid. They will begin to blow their horns on a sustained note of raucous triumph and wild, sporting life once more will be full of happy shocks and surprises.

Rod AND Gun



Soul-searing shots from shooting chums are only a minor part of missing golden opportunities

By RAY TRULLINGER

Horseshoe Camp,
Washington County, Me.

WILL some kindly dude please explain why, when your correspondent discovers himself in the presence of a really big buck deer, he's almost invariably caught with his gunning pantaloons at half mast?

And let's not have any cute cracks, please. This business has long ceased to be funny—except to a few vulgar and frequently outspoken companions with whom we've been sharing our hunting woes. Three times in the last two seasons there have been chances to smack over the sort of buck that makes hunting history, gets your name on the sports pages and baffles meat rationing. But in every instance we were caught off base in one manner or another and the golden opportunity was lost.

Mind you, it never happens except when there's a chance to kill one of those old grandpappies. Spikehorns and little four-pointers we're on in a flash. Same with does, which the New York State Conservation Department recently has christened "antlerless deer". But just let a big one bounce up and . . . . well, what happened a year ago last November will give you a rough idea:

We'd just left the doctor and the warden in a brushy little gully at the foot of a rocky ridge noted for its big deer. The medic and the warden intended to prowl the gully while we were delegated to hunt up the side of the ridge, come over the top, and meet them on a rocky ledge about an hour later. The strategy was to spook deer up on the ridge or the other way around, thereby affording someone a shot.

Five minutes after parting company with the others a big doe broke out of a clump of whip poles and raced up the side of the rocky hillside. Now, when you kick out a doe in November, it's a pretty safe bet there's an antlered old gentleman lurking somewhere in the immediate vicinity. So we redoubled our caution, scanned every clump of bushes and examined every ledge and shelf on that mountain as we neared its crest. No dice. Except for a surprised snowshoe rabbit and a scolding red squirrel, that careful climb proved a dry run. But we were certain that buck was somewhere around. The question was: Where?

A glance at our watch revealed over an hour had elapsed since we'd left our companions and that we were overdue at the rendezvous. There was a chill wind blowing, more territory to hunt and it wouldn't do to keep the boys waiting too long on that exposed rock. From where we were standing on the crest it was difficult to see down the mountain because of several scrub evergreens, so we slung the rifle across a shoulder, climbed down below the trees and jumped out on a slanting boulder which afforded a clear view of the terrain below. Neither the doctor nor the warden was in sight.

Now, any individual with even a kindergarten knowledge of deer hunting knows the place to look for deer is not 100 or 200 yards away, but right underfoot. Furthermore, it doesn't take long for a deer hunter to learn that nothing should be taken for granted. Had we examined a brushy little ledge just below that slanting boulder, we would have seen that buck before the animal even detected our

(Continued on page 42)

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presence. He was bedded down and enjoying a well-earned siesta after a night of love making and didn't awaken until some slight noise caught his attention.

There was a resounding whoosh! whoosh! as explosive as a released airbrake, and the old gentleman took off with two great bounds and tore down that mountainside. And what were we doing while all this was going on?

Well, we were trying to keep our balance on that slanting rock, blink away the tears which the chill wind had started and get the rifle, suspended from our shoulder by a shooting gunsling, into action. All that took time and the buck wasn't waiting for us to get unscrambled. When we finally got straightened out, the big bruiser was over 100 yards away and still stepping on the gas. There was only time for one forlorn shot as he disappeared from sight and that was that. And we got no sympathy from the warden and the doctor later.

"All a deer hunter needs," was the doctor's dry comment, "is more brains than a deer." Cracks like that sear the soul.

But the warden, undiscouraged and ever willing to help visiting firemen, had a trump card up his sleeve which he decided to play after several more days of fruitless hunting.

"I know of a big buck that's right handy," he remarked one evening as we discussed the day's frustrations. "Right handy" meant the animal was living in a small, narrow bit of scrub between two hay fields about five miles out of town. Getting that big deer, according to this worthy defender of our furred, finned and feathered fauna, would be only slightly less difficult than busting open Junior's pig bank.

"Besides," he added, "we won't have to carry him far to the car. Maybe 100 yards. It'll be a cinch. I sort of hate to see that buck shot. It'll be almost like knocking over my brother's prize heifer."

So next morning three of us slipped into that patch of scrub as quietly as weasels, posted the doctor in an advantageous spot and your hero and the warden began a cautious prowl down each side of that patch of brush and stunted evergreens. Nothing got up but a partridge so we cut over into the middle of this growth and started back.

Up to that time we'd been keeping off to one side of the warden but on the way back, convinced the deer wasn't at home, we began to trail a few feet directly behind him. And then, of course, it had to happen. Suddenly the warden stopped, made a quick gesture and up bobbed that big buck almost from beneath his feet. The deer made two or three jumps, thoughtfully keeping the warden directly in the line of fire, and vanished from sight.

We probably could have killed that deer, but the warden doubtless would have lost an ear in the process and we've always been reluctant to shoot chunks out of game protectors. That sort of nonsense causes talk and gets you in trouble. Season's score: No deer, no hits, two errors. And that brings us up to the present writing, where we're winding up a deer hunt in Washington County, Maine, and where ten days of fruitless hunting were crowned by the season's prize boner yesterday morning. Care to hear the gruesome details? Well, it was like this:

Accompanied by the doctor, the warden and the warden's brother, your frustrated hero was driven over toward Meddybemps Lake where there is much open country and plenty of deer. The last mile was over a frost-covered back road which ended up beside a large potato field. We continued on in the car over the frozen potato patch for 200 yards, stopped the car and everyone piled out.

It was a glorious morning and the potato field, which pinched out along a rocky ledge, afforded a magnificent view of surrounding hills, scrub patches, and, just beyond, a vast expanse of barren lowland, locally known as a "heath". Everyone picked up a rifle as we left the car and started to walk along the rim of that big potato field which overlooked this sunny scene; everyone, that is, but your correspondent. This dope picked up a pair of binoculars, as the others walked off, and began a leisurely survey of the countryside. It was an ideal place to pick up a deer with the glasses, and, even though no deer were seen, the panorama was something.

By that time the others were 100 yards away and we had to step fast to catch up with them. At that moment the doctor was thoughtfully stuffing cartridges into his .30-'06 and the warden was keeping a sharp watch on the strip of brushy scrub below. And then it had to happen again. Less than 75 yards below, a huge buck jumped from some partly concealing bushes, bounded across the scrub patch and right out on the open barrens. If ever there was a set-up running shot at a big deer, which loomed up like a giraffe, this was it.

"There's one of those 200 pounders you've been looking for," yelled the warden. "You've got him cold turkey. Crack him!"

Then he turned around and discovered we were armed with a pair of field glasses!

Well, friends, life doesn't spare anyone moments of embarrassment. Husbands-to-be forget wedding rings. People lose their bathing suits on crowded beaches. Folks inquire about the health of recently divorced husbands and wives, and slightly soused friends barge in for a spot of neighborly elbow crooking when Aunt Martha, rum's flail, ar-



"Junior—I—ah—er—that is, may I have the bicycle tomorrow night?"

rives unannounced for a weekend visit. Our embarrassment was a combination of all these, raised to the nth degree. A chance to down the biggest whitetail buck we'd ever seen, and there we were, carrying a silly pair of binoculars with the rifle over 100 yards away in the car!

We'll draw a merciful curtain over the warden's rather personal remarks during the next few seconds. When he'd finished commenting about the idiocy of people who got caught off base without firearms, there was nothing left to be said. By that time the deer was well out on the barrens and beyond the effective range of the .32 Specials the warden and his brother were carrying. But the buck wasn't too far away for the doctor's .30-'06 Winchester. That superb rifle reached out a full 300 yards and knocked that escaping buck for a loop. It was one of the prettiest running shots this writer ever witnessed, and the doctor was something more than elated.

It took an hour's hard work for the four of us to get that whopper dressed out and back to the car and there was considerable guessing as to the critter's weight on the way home.

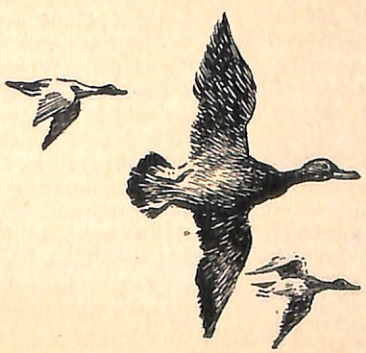
"I have something at the house which ends all arguments about the weight of deer," the warden stated. "And you'd be surprised how quickly it cuts down the estimated weight of big bucks."

"Scales?" queried the doctor.

"Scales," answered the warden.

We got up a little two-bit pool on the way in and guesses ranged from 195 to 225 pounds, with the modest doctor taking the low figure. That dressed carcass pulled the indicator down to an even 225 pounds and when word got around the neighborhood the local deer hunting talent came on the double for a look-see. The doctor's deer turned out the season's biggest to date in this area and your correspondent's boner probably will furnish the boys the year's best laugh.

All of which will explain to you why we're beginning to look on deer hunting with a bilious eye. The big ones always seem to get away under embarrassing circumstances and usually before a highly critical audience. We just can't take that sort of thing very much longer.





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In the DOGHOUSE

with Ed Faust



To help you and your overworked vet, here are home remedies with which to dose your dog.

I LEARNED about dog insurance or the absence of it quite a while ago when I was the guest of a lady who breeds what are perhaps the world's most famous poodles. We were at a match show which differs from a formal show in that the dogs shown are usually puppies or untried dogs with little or no previous show experience. The colors of the prize ribbons are different from those given at the formal event and the prizes are usually much lower, as are the entry fees. Seated on the other side of the lady was a highly successful insurance broker. I heard her ask him if he could get a ten-thousand-dollar policy for one of her dogs. To her regret he had to tell her that there was no such thing as pooch insurance. Although the loss of a beloved pet can never be compensated by cash, still the money could be used to buy another dog. Sounds callous? Well, maybe. But I know of no surer way to alleviate the sorrow over such a loss than to get interested in the care and upbringing of a new pet.

Lacking the possibility of insuring your dog, the next best thing is to made a periodic check-up on his or her health and see to it that prompt measures are taken whenever Fido gets a tummy ache. Some time ago I dealt with this subject of keeping an eye on your dog's health but did so largely from the check-up angle. I told what to look for and how to give the dog its physical. This time I'm going to elaborate and give a few hints on what to do about simple sicknesses. Before I begin, let me strongly emphasize that in no way is this to be taken as substitution for veterinarian care if or when your dog needs it. There are many sicknesses which can afflict a dog that are definitely dangerous to try to doctor at home. I don't know why it is so, but there are still a lot of people who think anybody can serve as Fido's physician. As a matter of fact, in one big way, the veterinarian is handicapped much more than is the doctor who may treat the dog's master or mistress—the dog cannot tell him where it hurts. When the average human being has a hang-nail, the world soon knows about it. In truth, I know one person who, if he didn't have his liver to talk about, would be practically speechless.

Now, for minor complaints you can be guided by what follows. I list these and the simple remedies for them. In this I'm not trying to do a vet out of a fee for a dog that is really sick, but for some time past my mail has contained quite a few letters complaining that veterinarian service is becoming increasingly hard to get. So many animal doctors are with the Armed Forces, and those who are still around are sadly overworked. But, mind you, if your dog becomes really sick, then throw this away and get a vet no matter how you get one—and don't wait too long. I've seen many a case when Fido's master became the dog's worst enemy either by delayed action or by home doctoring.

First, let's take a look at your dog's teeth. Hummm. A lot of tartar there. Bad thing, tartar. Leads to tooth decay and doggy halitosis. This should be scraped off with a dull blade. If there are any cavities those teeth should be removed by the vet. Such teeth are likely to be painful to the dog and are another cause of bad breath. As most dogs gulp their food the teeth are not as important to them as are a human being's china. But while on the subject I'd like to point out that gulping is not harmful.

You see, the dog's innards hoard powerful digestive juices so let this fact rest the fears of those who worry lest their pets become chronic dyspeptics. The dog's teeth should be cleaned two or three times a week and for this use a very soft toothbrush. Powdered charcoal is an excellent cleansing agent but I prefer one of the pastes designed for human use. Another good cleanser is milk of magnesia. Large bones that the dog cannot easily splinter and hard dog biscuits promote tooth and gum health. When cleaning the teeth brush the gums too.

NOW for the eyes. If Mr. or Mrs. Dog is fairly young, they should be bright and clear—barring the dog's having a cold—and the whites should be a clear white. If there is a slight running then bathe them with a solution made of one pint of boiling water to which add two teaspoonsful of boric acid plus four drops of spirits of camphor. Use only when thoroughly cooled, of course. For this employ a soft cloth. If eye or eyes are running badly or are inflamed, then get the vet.

If your purp continually shakes its head and paws at its nose then here again try to get a doctor for him or her. There's a diabolical little red insect that sometimes uses Fido's schnozzle as a boarding house, but you very likely would not know what to do about this. That sort of parasite can give the dog no end of trouble and misery. Don't, as some do, worry too much about your dog's dry nose if it gets that way. This is no sign that he is headed for the hospital. But if the dryness persists, then take him to his doctor as this may be an indication of forthcoming sickness.

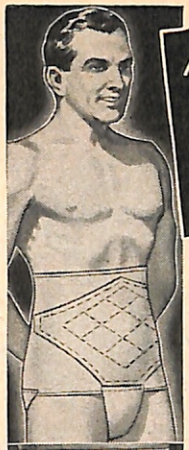
Along with scenting ability, the dog's ears are the most important parts of his body and they should be well looked after. Examine them closely and if you suspect ear-wax, then with a soft cloth wrapped around a thin stick that has a blunted end clean out the ears. Dip the cloth in warm water first but wring it out thoroughly before using. Canker of the ear is by no means uncommon among dogs and one of the indications is headshaking and pawing of the infected ear. However, these symptoms may only be caused by a parasite in the ear or a foreign body. It is well to syringe the ears with a luke-warm oil, using one of

those soft-nosed rubber ear syringes sold in your local drug store. But if this doesn't help then blow the whistle, for if it should prove to be canker I can assure you that nothing will more quickly turn an amiable dog into a dangerous grouch. Now, here's a canker remedy which, I am assured by Mrs. K. K. Langford, Wells, British Columbia, has been a proved success after all other treatments given to her dogs had failed—½ teaspoonful of 4 percent Mercurochrome to be poured into ear while lukewarm, repeat for three treatments, one each day. Each morning following the day of treatment pour into the infected ear ½ teaspoonful of glycerine also warmed. Don't have either liquid too warm. Ears are sensitive instruments. The lady advises that the bottle can be set in a container of warm water which will sufficiently warm the contents. If you would rather buy a prepared medicine for use on your dog, then there are several on the market which have been applied with success.

EARLIER I spoke of an unwanted boarder that the pooch may carry around with him but here are two more that can annoy him just as much and in fact may cause him to be a very sick dog. The first are external parasites. The first of these is the flea, and I don't mean the trained kind but the wild and wicked flea. I can't go along with E. N. Westcott who once said, "They say a reasonable number of fleas is good for a dog—keeps him from broodin' over bein' a dog". Fleas are small, dark brown, wingless chaps and restless to boot. He likes to change boardinghouses and will move from dog to dog with the speed of a Joe Louis left hook. He's an amazing jumper. But you can discourage him with one of the flea powders from your druggist's shelves. He loathes such treatment and will move elsewhere if he gets enough of it. But don't rest content merely to work on the purp. Give his sleeping quarters or any other favorite lying-down place the same going over. Then there's the flea's fellow boarder whose name we apply to the pest who leaves us holding the bag in the matter of a promissory note. His color is yellow and he too is wingless. Appropriately enough his color is yellow but changes to blue after he has dined on your dog. He has a brother who is also yellow but carries dark markings. The same treatment given to Brer Flea causes these two to move away. As if Fido didn't have enough on his mind, ticks were invented for him. Of these the most important varieties are the wood tick and the brown dog tick. Both of these fasten on the dog's hide and gorge themselves with his blood. Insect vampires that can, if neglected, do a lot of mischief by weakening the dog seriously. They are more prevalent in the Southern States. They frequently skirmish around the inside of the dog's ears and neck, and other parts of the body may play host to them. Wood ticks are bluish in color; brown dog ticks, a dark, reddish brown. If found in the ears, these should be flooded with a warmed oil. There is only one sure way to remove them and that is by hand. You might try using a pair of small pliers. But be certain that all of Mr. Tick is removed because if his head remains in the skin it can cause a nasty inflammation. A drop or so of chloroform or turpentine will also help making the removal easier as either one usually puts the tick in a trance. For these chaps there are also commercial preparations that will do the trick. Yes, your druggist has them.

FOR the second group of parasites, the internal kind, they may make their presence known by being visible to you in the dog's stool. But certain of them are very difficult to detect. Where there is doubt, consult the vet. The symptoms here are dry, dull coat, sometimes profuse shedding, watery eyes, radical increase or decrease in appetite, swollen tummy (particularly so when a puppy has them), and frequently Fido will skate along the floor on his caboose. He may break out with a skin eruption. There are four varieties—round, hook, tape and whip and each name is quite descriptive of its type. If you are sure you know the kind that afflict your dog—and all dogs have at least one variety at one time or other—then you'll find several well known medicines that, if directions are followed to the letter, can affect a cure. But if at all in doubt signal your dog's doctor as soon as possible.

IF MR. or Mrs. Dog does an unusual amount of scratching then give a look-see to its skin. It may be caused by the external parasites I mentioned or it may be that he or she has contracted that pestiferous blight which we call mange. A dog with a bad case takes on a moth-eaten appearance. Coat becomes dull. Now there are two kinds of mange, sarcoptic and follicular. In the former there may be bare rings around the dog's eyes, bald spots on the head. Dogs with the follicular variety don't as a rule scratch as much in the early stage. The sarcoptic form is the easier of the two to get rid of. Incidentally, the follicular affects short-haired dogs more than it seems to attach itself to the long-coated chaps. Look for small, red spots on the skin, under arm-pits, inside of legs and on the abdomen. For this canine curse there are also excellent remedies but I may add that it is impossible entirely to get rid of follicular mange. When I say remedies, I only mean to refer to sarcoptic mange. Uncle Sam rules that there is no treatment, internally or exter-



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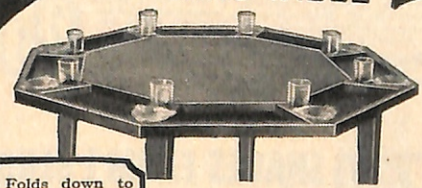
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nally, that will cure the follicular form. If the medicine you use doesn't get results then the only answer is—your vet.

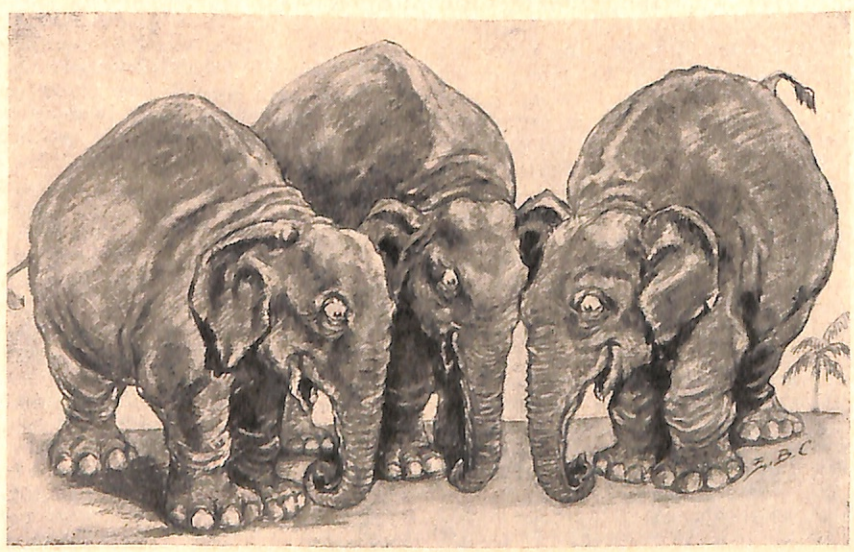
Another common ailment is a simple cold caused usually by undue exposure to cold and dampness. One of the greatest common causes is when the dog is not thoroughly dried down to its skin after a bath. Symptoms? Well, an unusually wet beak which in time may become clogged, thus making it difficult for the dog to breathe. Evidence of this and the general irritation that goes with a head-cold, and that's the only kind I refer to, may be noted by the dog's rubbing its nose with its paws. There are other kinds of colds which the pooch can contract, bronchial or pulmonary disorders—yes, even pneumonia, but these are matters for a vet and not home practice. Should your darling get a head-cold, then spray its nose with a mixture of a half-pint of warm, boiled water to which a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt has been added. Sponge the outside of the nose with the same solution. If there is any irruption swab zinc oxide ointment on it or vaseline, using a pad of absorbent cotton. If it does not respond to treatment within a few days then try to put doggy in the hands of a vet because the symptoms of a common cold can also be the same as for distemper, pneumonia or bronchitis. None of the latter is at all trifling.

If Fido doesn't go to the toilet often enough or too often, then there are many varieties of dog medicines in your drug store that will correct either condition.

Now I've dealt with only the more common, simple sicknesses but there are scores that only a competent dog doctor is able to diagnose and treat. So if your particular purp show evidences of anything aside from what I have mentioned, then don't try to doctor him or her yourself. You may very well wind up as master of ceremonies for a dog funeral.



"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of Edward Faust's booklet, published by the Kennel Department of *The Elks Magazine.* One canine authority says, "It is the most readable and understandable of all the books on this subject". This beautifully printed, well-illustrated, 48-page book covers such subjects as feeding, bathing, common illnesses, training and tricks, the mongrel versus the pedigree, popular breeds, etc. It costs only 25c. Send for your copy NOW. Address—The Elks Magazine—50 E. 42nd St., New York.



"What do you say to a little game of hide-and-seek?"

What America is reading



Here are some books to go with your pipe, slippers and dog

By Harry Hansen

BOOKS about foreign lands are no longer records of pleasant voyages; they are filled with political talk and controversy; sometimes they are packed with dynamite. Our easy-chair reading about strange ports and peculiar people is disturbed by argument. Take, for instance, the information that Louis Adamic provides in his latest book, "My Native Land". A year or two ago nobody knew much about the guerrillas who are fighting the Nazis in the hills of Yugoslavia. They were supposed to be the Chetniks, under General Mikhailovich. Now Mr. Adamic, who is a native of Slovenia, declares that the Chetniks are fighting solely to advance the cause of greater Serbia; hence they are antagonistic to the Croats and the Slovenes, who are represented by Tito's Partisans. The Partisans favor Russia and oppose the pan-Serbian program. Start a discussion on this subject among Serbs, Croats and Slovenes and we Americans are completely at sea in no time. I do not know to what extent Mr. Adamic's book recites the facts of the situation. He is an honest investigator, with a fine record, but in reading this book you must keep in mind that he is against the present ruling house of Yugoslavia, its London representatives and the Yugoslavian embassy in Washington. His book is of great interest; to some extent it is an encyclopedia of political issues, civil strife, population changes in this distressed Balkan kingdom. It tells how the Axis has pulled wires to make one group fight another. It describes the guerrilla warfare, waged with incredible fury in the mountains. It reminds us of our duty toward the post-war world. National solutions will not be enough, says Mr. Adamic; international solutions must be found, for the war is "heavily underlining our interdependence". Says he, "Ideas are international. And the basic universal will of most of humanity is toward an orderly peaceful world with a chance to bring about progress . . . The future depends to a very large extent on the vast democratic element in America." (Harper, $3.75)

ON THE other side of the world lies India. No longer do we read solely about its temples, its crowds bathing in the Ganges, its picturesque rajahs. The winds bring word of political agitations, of attempts at revision of British rule, of movements toward federation, of arguments for independence. What would happen to India if it were cast adrift in this troubled world? Can Britain afford to keep it; can it afford to let it go? New books bring this problem to our doors. Some of the severest critics of British rule are Englishmen and certainly H. N. Brailsford is a man of intelligence and understanding who is trying hard to present a fair study in his new book, "Subject India". Mr. Brailsford believes dominion status will be offered again to India. He hopes that some kind of transitional government may be devised to solve the worst of India's political problems. Mr. Brailsford

(Continued on page 48)

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popular lecturers in the United States. He prepared talks that are model little essays as they appear in this book, "To All Hands; an Amphibious Adventure." He was talking to the men in that dark night when the ships converged on Sicily and the amphibians went ashore. Nothing that he observed was kept from the men, who must have been grateful for this fine attention. But we have reason to be even more grateful. For Lieut. Brown has given us a book that ought to go down in history. It has more than information: it describes the way our men felt when they were on this dangerous expedition, how they wondered about the flashes in the night; the attitude they took toward the German prisoners (too friendly by far, at first), and it reproduces the terror, the wonder and the fighting spirit of a great American event in the seas the Romans sailed. Out of the many books of this war, this is one I'd like to keep. (Whittlesey House, $2.75)

UNTIL now this world war has produced better prose than poetry. Will it inspire poets to write great poems? I see no reason to doubt it, for the opportunity is clearly at hand. Several poems have won wide popularity; I suppose none has equalled "The White Cliffs of Dover" of Alice Duer Miller. That has been read and recited practically everywhere.

The latest collection of poems is "The New Treasury of War Poetry, 1939 to 1943", edited by George Herbert Clarke. Here poems of British origin seem to be more numerous than poems by American authors, for one reason because more have been written. The editor is not interested in topical verse but in poetry that expresses the conflicting emotions of our time. He sees the poets trying to determine what freedom means and costs—they are "exploring the causes and the constitution of war and are showing less reliance upon too simple expedients for outlawing it", Many well-known poets are represented here: Edna St. Vincent Millay, Joseph Auslander, John Masefield, William Rose Benet, Robert Nathan, Stephen Spender. The poems celebrate the men of the air, the land and the sea, and the common cause. Masefield's poem "To the Seamen" recalls the valiant work to save the British army:

Through the long time the story will be told;
Long centuries of praise on English lips,
Of courage godlike and of hearts of gold
Off Dunkerque beaches in the little ships.

NOVELS of the hour. Readers who admired Arthur Koestler's "Darkness at Noon", that keen psychological study of an old-line bolshevist, will find his latest story, "Arrival and Departure" harder going. It describes the interval in the life of a young radical who has reached a neutral zone after suffering torture among the Nazis. He can be free if he wishes or he can return to work against the enemy. In a way this novel is a study of martyrdom and shows what personal, psychological and physical forces make a man determine to fight on. (Macmillan, $2)

THOSE interested in understanding the lives of the Young Russians, the youthful defenders of their homeland, may find "The Running Tide" by Irina Aleksander entertaining and informing. It is based on the career of Valentina Orlikova, the third mate of a Soviet merchant ship that came to New York harbor earlier in the year. The training of the girl, her association with her colleagues, her devotion to her task are the foundation for a running narrative. (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $2.50)

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 37)

WARRENSBURG, MO. The officers of Warrensburg Lodge No. 673, winners of the 1943 State Ritualistic Contest, initiated 70 new members into their lodge on last November the 11th. Among the prominent Missouri Elks present were James R. Garrison, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, Lieut. Col. Fred B. House, who would have held office as Exalted Ruler of No. 673 had he not entered the Service three years ago, charter member W. B. Russell, father of H. H. Russell, the present Exalted Ruler, and Frank E. Ralston, of Rich Hill Lodge, D.D. for Missouri, Southwest.

BALLARD, WASH. Ballard Lodge No. 827 and the Ballard Fish and Game Club staged a fishing contest recently at Ballard Beach for more than 60 servicemen. Lodge and club members donated their boats and equipment and acted as hosts to approximately 200 Elks and servicemen, and their friends, assembled on the beach. The four-hour contest started promptly at sunrise. Prizes totaling $268 were awarded, with first prize, $30 in cash, going for the largest catch, a king salmon weighing 19 pounds. The prize for second, an 18-pounder, was $25.

Acting as judges were P.E.R.'s D. P. Shew and Judge Guy B. Knott who awarded the prizes, and Paul Ringseth, Treasurer. Mike Mitchell, a member of Ballard Lodge, and Seattle city councilman, was the official announcer. Fishermen and onlookers had such a wonderful time that a similar contest was planned by the Elks and club members for the near future.

NORTH ATTLEBORO, MASS. Past Exalted Ruler Joseph D. Irvine, 76 years of age, one of the founders of North Attleboro Lodge No. 1011, passed away suddenly last November the 7th at a rest home in a town nearby. For 37 years one of the lodge's most active members, Mr. Irvine served as Exalted Ruler, Secretary, and, for a long period, Chairman of the Board of Trustees. In 1929, he was appointed District Deputy for the Massachusetts Southeast District.

The officers of the lodge, headed by E.R. Henry W. Jennings, whom Mr. Irvine initiated into the Order 32 years ago, were pallbearers.

FORT WAYNE, IND. Fort Wayne Lodge No. 155 has turned over its spacious lobby and auditorium to the Red Cross Blood Donor Service for the duration. The Center has been in operation since June, 1943, and thousands of patriotic citizens have responded.

Moving Picture of Elks National Home, Bedford, Virginia

The West Virginia State Elks Association has donated to the Elks National Home a sixteen millimeter film showing scenes in and around the Home. It is a silent film and the running time is about thirty minutes.

Any Lodge or State Association may have the use of this film by applying to R. A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Virginia.

Two Red Cross mobile blood-taking units from Indianapolis, Ind., spend one week of each month in the lodge home, drawing approximately 1,000 pints of blood to provide plasma for the Nation's Armed Forces. The blood is sent every night to the laboratories at Indianapolis for processing. Registrations and examinations are recorded in the lobby by registered nurses; the auditorium, where the donors give their blood, is staffed by Army and Navy doctors and registered Red Cross nurses.

HATTIESBURG, MISS. The initiation of a class of 31 candidates, which included the Mayor and other prominent citizens, was witnessed by District Deputy L. A. Nichols, of Vicksburg, when he visited Hattiesburg Lodge No. 599 a few weeks ago. Introduced by Past Exalted Ruler Sam Miller, Secy. of the Miss. State Elks Assn., the District Deputy praised the lodge and the work of the officers in exemplifying the Ritual, and edified his interested audience with an account of the Order's far-reaching influence for good as a result of its wartime activities.

RUTHERFORD, N. J. Past District Deputy Maurice N. Greger, Past Exalted Ruler of Rutherford Lodge No. 547, died at his home in Rutherford on October 7, 1943, at the age of 64, after an illness of several months. Services were conducted on Sunday evening at the Hunt Funeral Parlor by Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge. Many members were present including Grand Lodge and New Jersey State Elks Association of-

ficers. Interment was at Norristown, Pa., on the following day

Mr. Greger was initiated into Rutherford Lodge in 1918. He immediately became active in the affairs of the lodge and served on the Board of Trustees for many years. He was the lodge's 27th Exalted Ruler, serving in 1928 and 1929. In 1930 he was appointed District Deputy for New Jersey, Northeast. He was also active in the State Association and for years was a member of the Credentials Committee. He was one of the founders and a Past President of the Past Exalted Rulers Association of Rutherford Lodge.

BOULDER, COLO. Two hundred and seventy-seven new members, initiated in two classes within six months, have been added to the membership rolls of Boulder Lodge No. 566. The initiation of the "On to Victory" Class of 116 was a recent event. The lodge home was decorated with flags of the Allied Nations, and the candidates' chairs were arranged in V formation. Among the speakers in the open session, held after the ritualistic ceremony, were Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Milton L. Anfenger, who was present at the Charter Night meeting of Boulder Lodge 43 years ago, Past Grand Tiler Jacob L. Sherman and Judge Henry S. Lindsley, P.E.R.'s of Denver Lodge, and Harry N. Wallace, of Loveland, District Deputy for Colorado, North. The newly-organized Elks Band made a decided hit that evening and Lloyd Hansuld, flight instructor at the Boulder airport, delighted the large crowd of Elks, close to 600, with vocal and guitar selections.

By unanimous vote, Boulder Lodge has decided to invest $20,000 in U. S. War Bonds to bring its holdings in these securities to $120,400. E.R. Francis W. Reich, commenting on the lodge's war activities, said that more than 1,000 gift packages had been sent to members in military service.

ALLIANCE, O. Cooperating to the fullest extent in the American Red Cross blood donor project, Alliance Lodge No. 467 has donated the use of its home to the local chapter for two days of each month.

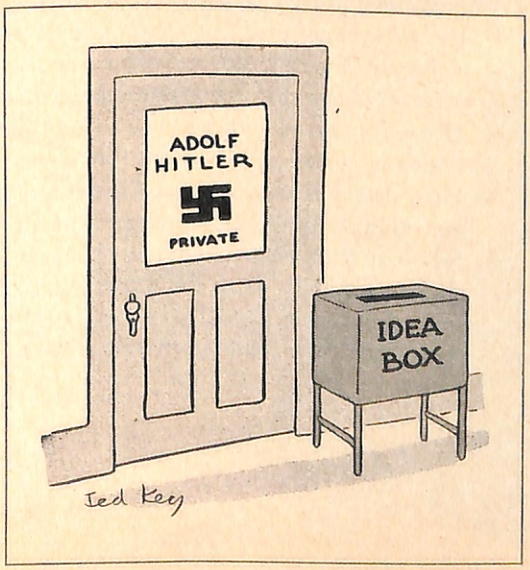
On Blood Donor Day, a huge truck rolls up; men begin to unload refrigerators, cots, boxes of tubes and needles, and other necessary articles of equipment. This means that the Cleveland Mobile Unit has arrived. The Red Cross flag is flying just below the Stars and Stripes on the wide lawn; flags line the walk and driveway from the street to the entrance of the lodge home, one of the most beautiful in the entire country. Within, many white-uniformed volunteers are hustling about, preparing for the day's work.

Facts, however, are what really count, and here indeed results have been amazing. In ten visits of the Unit, and in a community of not more than 25,000 persons, 3,004 pints of blood were donated. Graciously and patriotically, the Elks of Alliance are carrying this admirable activity over into the new year. Dates have already been set for the next twelve months.

PROVIDENCE, R. I. November 3, 1943, is a date that will long be remembered by members of Providence Lodge No. 14 as one of the lodge's real gala meeting occasions. A reunion of the classes initiated by Edward H. Powell, James H. Fleming, Mark A. Golrick and Albert B. Peck was the event scheduled. The Powell Class included three Past Exalted Rulers, Charles M. Thompson, Lee Whitman and Frank H. Murphy, all of whom were present, and also the lodge Chaplain, G. Dana Manson, Tiler Isaac D. Cooke and former Treasurer John E. Melarkey.

Back in 1918-19, Mr. Powell, who has served as Exalted Ruler and also Trustee of No. 14, District Deputy for Rhode Island, and President of the R. I. State Elks Association, brought in more than 1,100 members. A quarter of a century later, 259 of these are still on the rolls, 150 of whom attended the reunion and were presented with 25-year pins. Mr. Powell made a short speech, and others called upon responded briefly, among them being P.E.R.'s John E. Mullen, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and Ambrose H. Lynch, Past State President.

E.R. Joseph F. Rock read a letter and poem from Past Exalted Ruler Fleming who is now a resident of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va. During the "remarks period", Howard Daughaday acted as spokesman for the Golrick Class, Harry McElroy for the Peck Class, and Edward J. Coyle for the Fleming Class.



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Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

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Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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Editorial

A Timely Resolution

TO Alexandria Lodge No. 758 we pay our respects and congratulate the members on the resolution recently adopted by unanimous vote which may well be taken as a model to be followed by other lodges, as it doubtless will be. It well expresses the sentiment of the Order when it comes to realizing the work in post-war times in doing at least something to aid and assist returning soldiers to be well received when they come back from the fighting fronts now far flung to the different fields of endeavor in which our troops are engaged. The resolution is in the following form:

WHEREAS:

First—The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks has been foremost among fraternal organizations in assisting the Government of the United States in carrying on the war against the Axis countries and in providing for the comfort and entertainment of men in the Armed Services;

Second—Alexandria Lodge No. 758, having joined wholeheartedly with the other lodges in the country in this program, now desiring to continue its war efforts by providing funds for the assistance and rehabilitation of its members in the Armed Service, who may need assistance and rehabilitation upon their return to civil life, Be It Therefore,

RESOLVED:

First—That the Exalted Ruler of Alexandria Lodge No. 758 is instructed and empowered to appoint a Rehabilitation Commission, consisting of five members to serve for a term of three years each;

Second—That such Commission is to have complete charge and direction of all undertakings for the assistance and rehabilitation of members of the Lodge in the Armed Service who may need such assistance and rehabilitation upon their return to civil life;

Third—That the sum of Five Thousand ($5,000.00) Dollars is hereby appropriated for the use of the Rehabilitation Commission to be drawn from the Treasury of the Lodge as required, upon 60 days notice, in amounts not to exceed the sum of $1,800 in any one Lodge year;

Fourth—That in the event there are not sufficient funds in the hands of the Treasurer of the Lodge to meet the requirements of the Rehabilitation Commission, the Trustees are hereby authorized to sell bonds or other securities of the Lodge in their hands to provide funds to carry out the provisions of this Resolution;

Fifth—That the Rehabilitation Commission is authorized to solicit members of the Lodge for individual contribution of funds with which to carry out its work.

Two other lodges also distinguished themselves by taking similar action for the rehabilitation of returning soldiers and sailors. They are Charles City, Ia., Lodge, No. 418, and Cedar Rapids, Ia., Lodge, No. 251.

From The Red Cross

THE Elks Magazine is indebted to the National Headquarters of the Red Cross, Washington, D. C., for the following interesting information, which will serve to stimulate the interest of our readers in post-war activities:

Elks lodges all over the country have taken on the job of assisting American Red Cross Camp Hospital Councils in providing day rooms at Army posts. These day rooms, equipped with recreational facilities and plenty of easy chairs, provide a place for soldiers to rest, relax, play, read or write when they are off duty. Members of the Elks lodges in cooperation with the Red Cross have contributed both in time and funds in providing these recreational facilities for our soldiers. The members who have participated have gained a tremendous personal satisfaction by thus meeting a truly important need.

Recently one Elks lodge, in cooperation with the local Red Cross furnished the day room at Camp Abbott. The opening was a gala affair, at which one Army private, John Ellis, stated, "Before this we didn't have any place at all to go. You can see for yourself how a day room with davenports and chairs, a piano and books, can boost morale."

Christmas Comes But Once Each Year

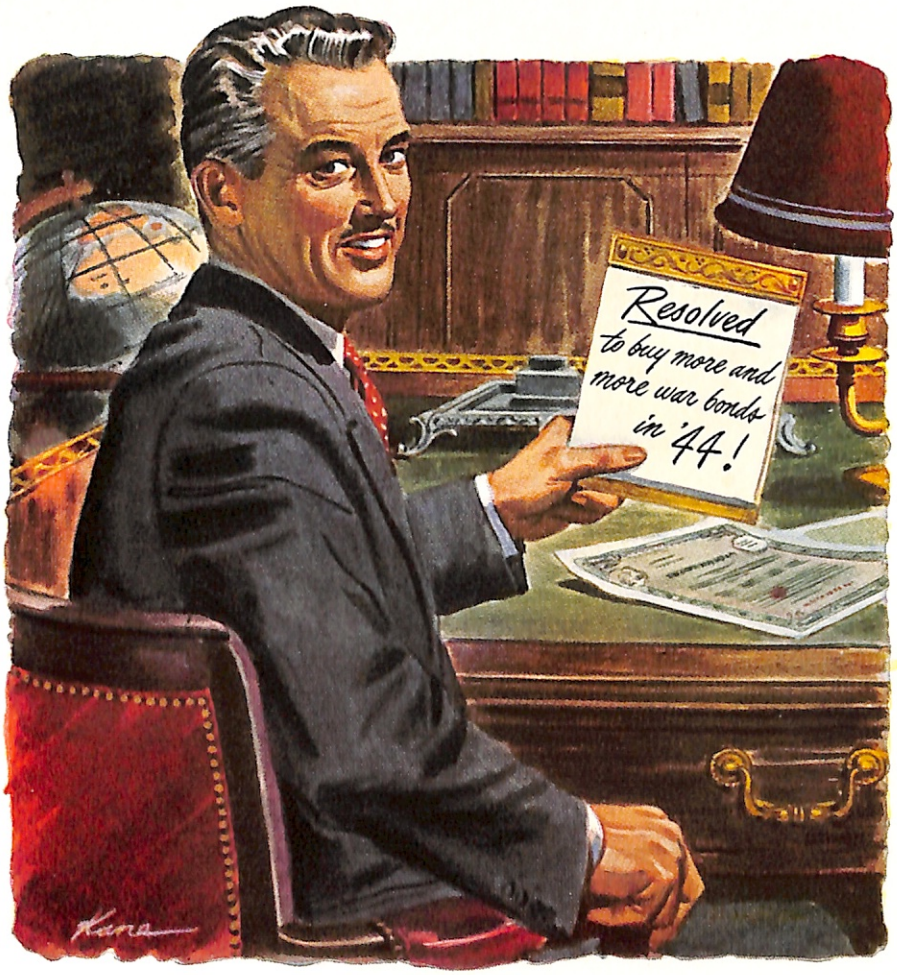
IT IS a matter of sincere appreciation that we learn from the Superintendent of the Elks National Home, Robert A. Scott, that the appeal which we have for several years made for the remembrance of our Brothers who are not privileged to enjoy the Yuletide season has been well answered. It may be acknowledged that every remembrance sent to the National Home is received with a joyous acclaim and that they add substantially to the spirit of the Christmas season. This year many demands are being made, but this did not relieve us from our obligation to remember those of our Brothers who are less fortunate than we are. The responses this year were generous and gave expression to the warm fraternal feeling which exists on our part toward those of our Brothers who are far separated from those near and dear to them back home.



Answering your Question...

"WILL I BE ABLE TO GET SOME SCHENLEY IN 1944?"

Royal Reserve



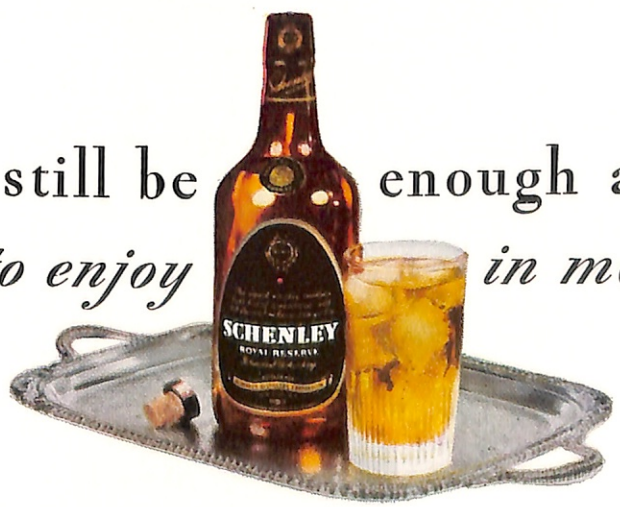
WE'RE GLAD you asked that question . . . because the answer's mighty cheerful . . . *yes, you will!* Not only this month, or next — but *for the duration* — if enjoyed *in moderation.*

Our distilleries are *still* devoted to the production of war alcohol (and will be, until the war need is over) . . . but pre-war reserves are sufficient to make it fairly certain that you'll find SCHENLEY Royal Reserve at your dealer's a lot more often than you'd think! So — ask for SCHENLEY always. And *always* —enjoy it *in moderation.*

BACK THE ATTACK—
BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

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● They're the hard-riding scouts of the mechanized forces—the motorcycle troops who ride their "iron ponies" into action over the toughest terrain! They're specialists, every one. And like their brothers in the other services, they have some very special preferences about the cigarettes they smoke. Let the two motorcycle rough-riders below tell you why *their* cigarette is Camel.



"ACTION AHEAD!" . . . And in a twinkling, your motorcycle soldier is a fully equipped fighting man!

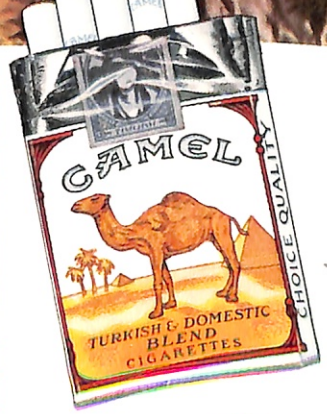


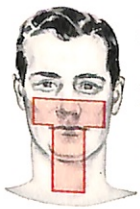
First in the Service

With men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and the Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)



DOROTHY CANAVOR, war plant worker—like the men in the service, *her* cigarette is Camel. "I like Camel's delightful mildness," she says, "and their rich flavor is always a fresh treat."





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